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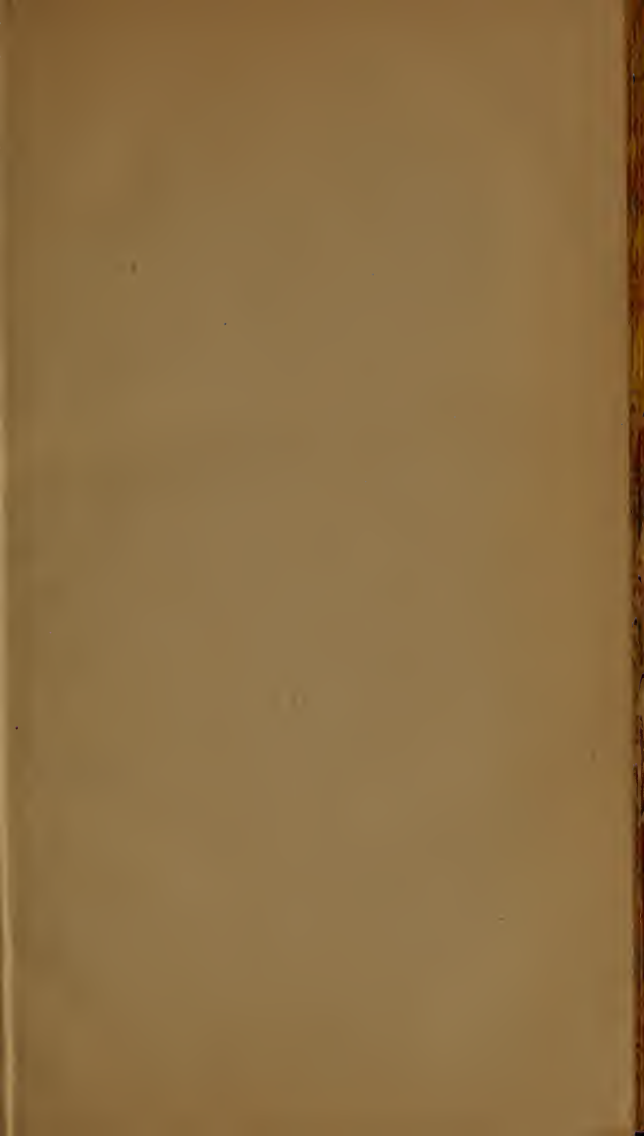
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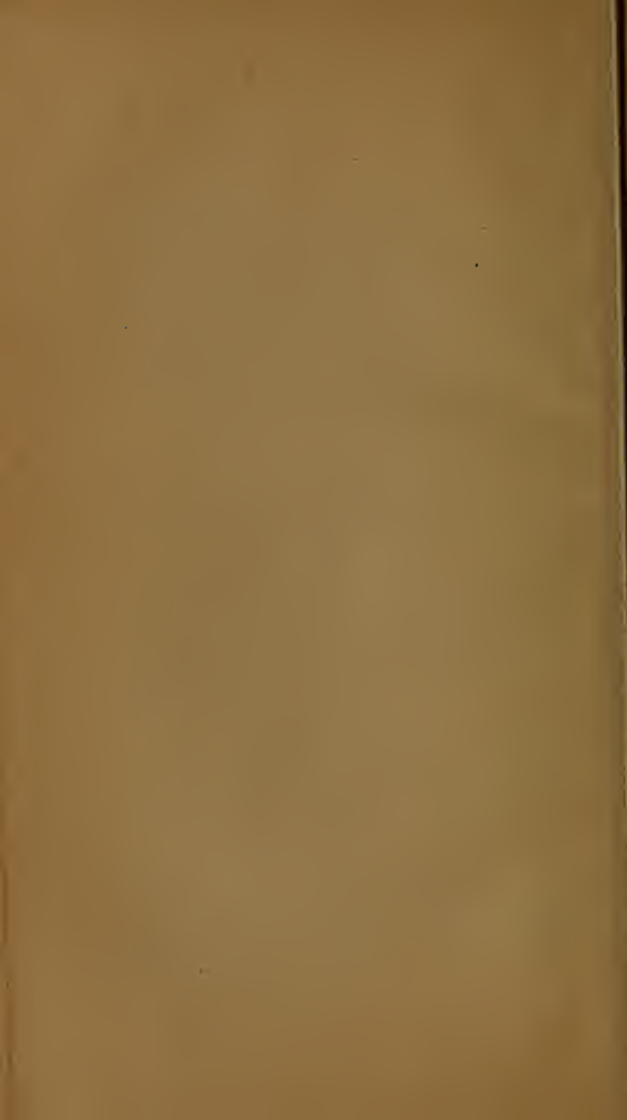
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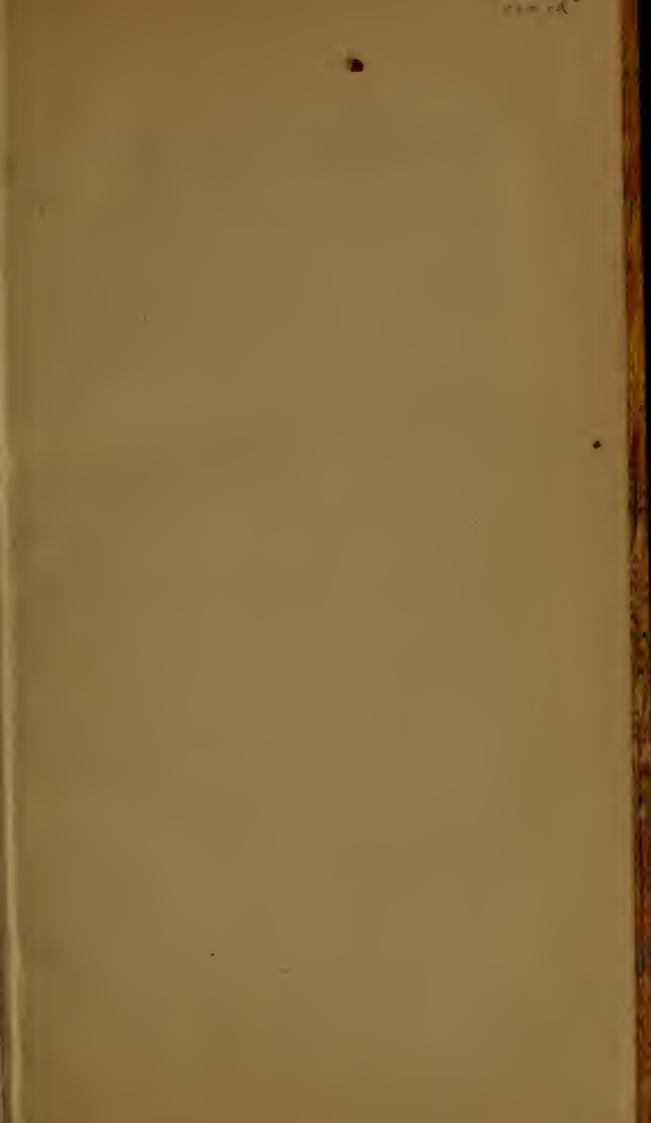
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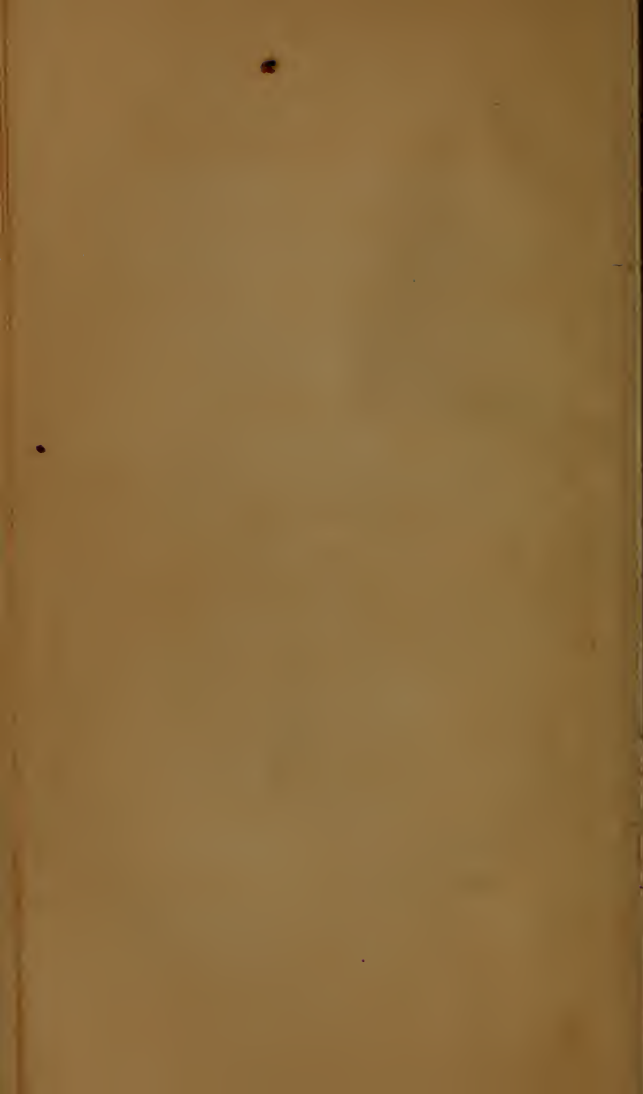












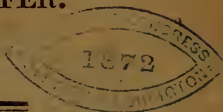


# Border Ballads,

AND OTHER

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

By JAMES TELFER.



---

*Clown.* What hast here? Ballads?

*Mop.* Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print,  
a' life; for then we are sure they are true.

*Winter's Tale.*

---

*James Currie*  
JEDBURGH:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,

*Edin.* By Walter Easton;

And Sold

BY WILLIAM BLACKWOOD, AND OLIVER AND BOYD,

EDINBURGH.

1824.

*12 May 1828*

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A.M. 15 Apr. 29.

TO  
MR JAMES HOGG,  
THE  
ETTRICK SHEPHERD.

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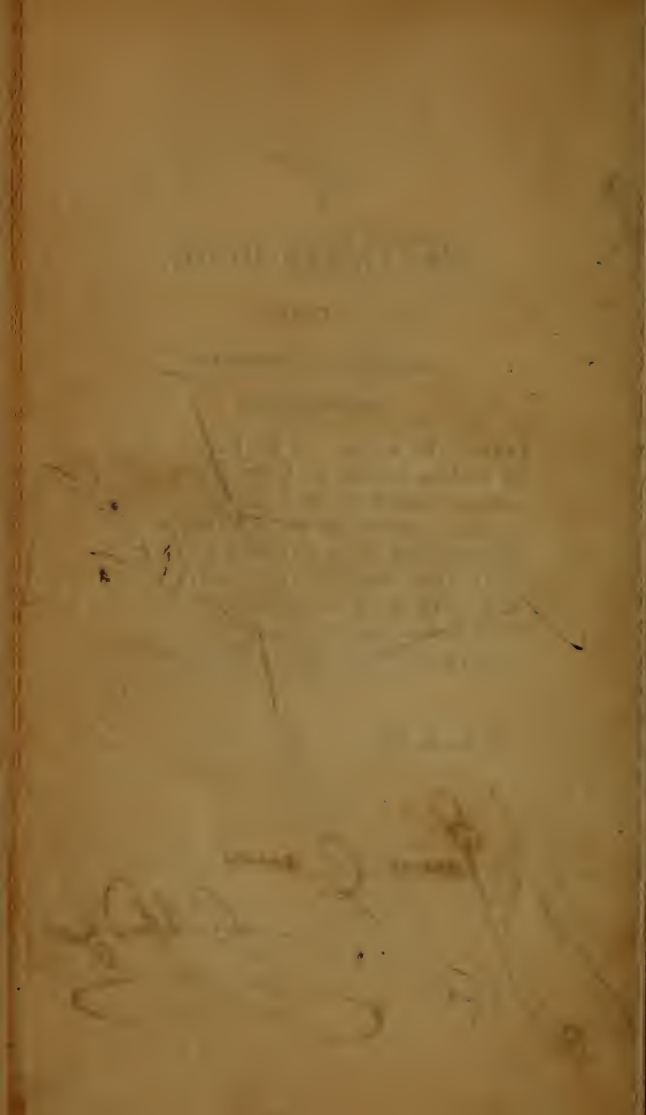
O CHEVIOUR's fell is rudely wild and blue,  
No warbling chorister, nor blooming spray;  
The sun in silence drinks the purple dew,  
Without a strain to hail him on his way!—  
O favourite Bard, accept my wilding lay,  
The first rude efforts of my minstrelsy;  
And, if my simple toil thou wilt repay  
With kind perusal, it is all to me  
The only boon I ask, O tuneful swain, of thee.

J. T.

1st March, 1824.

James Cairns

Edinburgh 4<sup>th</sup> 2  
1824



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James Cairns Esq. July 29<sup>th</sup>  
1824

BORDER BALLADS.

---

James Francis Smith  
1844

1844



## INTRODUCTION.

---

SURVEY yon muirland dark and wild,  
Where rising fells are circling piled ;  
Survey yon cairn, so rude and gray,  
That points the passing traveller's way ;  
Survey yon ring, of lively green,  
Where fairies, dancing, erst were seen ;  
Survey yon doure\* and rugged rocks,  
Where builds the ern, where hides the fox ;

---

\* *Doure* is a term, for any sterile rocky ground,

The ravined cleugh, in brushwood lost,  
Unenter'd, save by midnight ghost,—  
When these thou view'st, 'twill meet my ear—  
Thou never saw a scene so drear.

Survey yon walls, a ruin now,  
Where nought but weeds and rushes grow;  
And hard beside, a crystal spring,  
Beneath the green bank murmuring;  
Though now its waters, pure and sheen,  
Are all o'ergrown with cresses green,  
Yet to my ear its murmurs say,  
*I am thy well of early day.*

Remembrance still my soul does cheer,  
And ever will these scenes endear;  
Though drear these fells, and wild and blue,  
A dearer spot I never knew;—  
'Twas here my childhood's days were spent,  
'Twas here my wild ideas were blent,

'Twas here, upon the morn of youth,  
I knew but innocence and truth;  
Our little flock our whole employ,  
Our Maker's praise our chiefest joy,  
While aye at morn, and falling even,  
Our orisons were pour'd to heaven;  
The mountain stream that murmur'd by,  
Bore burden to our melody.

O youth's day, my mind will flee  
From distant lands to dwell with thee;  
When guilty pleasure leaves a sting,  
When hardships press, or sorrows wring,  
Or if the blindfold dame should smile,  
Or mad ambition lead my toil,  
Yet there are times amidst all these,  
That bustle cloy and cannot please;  
'Tis then the mind will draw a screen  
Betwixt *what is*, and *what has been*.

Life's fleeting cares they come and pass,  
The soul is fire, the flesh is grass,  
The grass shall fade and turn to earth,  
The soul shall meet with glorious birth ;  
But virtue must preside while here,  
Or else that birth the soul may fear :  
But what is virtue ? O, it is  
Our greatest and immortal bliss,  
To love our God with truth and fear,  
To love our fellow wand'ers here,  
To lend an ear to sorrow's tale,  
To prayer of want and misery's wail—  
This, this is virtue, O my soul  
Be thou the needle to this pole.

But why my muse, would'st thou prolong  
The pleasing strains of moral song ?  
Thy wing is weak, and low thy flight,  
Then do not tempt the dangerous height,

Describe thy scenes of infancy,  
Thy simple childhood's mirth and glee,  
Before the world's cares increased  
And took a lodgement in this breast:—

I was, I ween, a hermit child,  
Bred in the bosom of the wild,  
Where stranger never met my eye,  
Save simple shepherd passing by ;  
The circle of the fells around  
I deem'd the world's utmost bound,  
And all the lore that stored my head,  
Was what from sacred page we read.

O dearest scenes, this world wrings  
Our chiefest joys and all its springs ;  
Though near and dear unto the heart,  
All, all must sever,—all must part—  
Yet though we part, it cannot be  
That we can part from memory.

No memory makes to re-appear  
Those darling forms that once were dear,  
Those heavenly hours of love and joy,  
Our chiefest bliss with least alloy ;  
Though these do fleet, and soon pass by,  
Yet still they live in memory's eye.

The morn would lift her vermeil eye,  
The lark would soar and sing on high,  
The sun would peer o'er Cheviot's fell,  
And deeper dye the heather bell,  
On which did hang the pearly dew,  
And on the breeze its fragrance threw.

The streams would glitter to the day,  
The sportive lambs would skip and play,  
And I would wander forth alone,  
And chorus to the unison :  
The little cloudlets sailing high,  
And fleeting in the heaven's eye,

Till lost in everlasting blue,  
Far, far beyond the reach of view ;  
On these, I deem'd the souls of those,  
Who now had left their earthly woes,  
Did look in pity down to see  
The miseries of humanity ;— |  
For virtuous friends, they valued here,  
To drop another sacred tear.

When day had chamber'd in the west,  
And joyful nature gone to rest,  
Oft have I gazed with wondering eye,  
On evening screen of golden dye ;  
Or on the fabled star of love,  
Twinkling the eastern world above ;  
Or heard the bleater's quavering song,  
Or miresnipe's scream, the reeds among,  
Till evening threw a darker veil,  
Then fell my mind on fairy tale :

How oft was stolen the lonely child,  
And the fond mother's hope beguiled ;  
I thought, with dread, the place was wild,—  
All eye, I did my steps increase,  
And ran and reach'd my home of peace.

So past my childhood's simple day,  
While joyful summer held his sway ;  
And when the winter, wild, had thrown  
His mantle white o'er muirland brown,  
Had nipt the wan leaf from the tree,  
Made mute the woodland melody ;  
The beamless sun, of heat devoid,  
Seem'd in some other world employ'd,  
And only o'er the frigid fell,  
Gave one short glance, and bade farewell.

While nature this dread aspect wore,  
Within I conn'd my simple lore ;



## INTRODUCTION.



Oft times I read in sacred page,  
Of ill used child of Jacob's age,  
Of Royal Bard, whose plaintive strain,  
Mourn'd Israel's sons in battle slain,  
And sacred truths, whose simple guise,  
Oft thrill'd my soul with sweet surprise.

Such was the day, I mind it well,  
Drear, foul, and dark the evening fell,  
Fierce drove the storm, with sleet and rain,  
The waters rose and raged amain,  
And oft we heard the kelpy's cry  
Amid the tempest's melody.

The door we shut against the storm,  
And all within was safe and warm,  
The matron had begun to chime,  
The warrior song of olden time :  
How Scotland's proud and ireful king,  
Ahiche did Johnie Armstrong hing ;

How Janet frae amang them a',  
Her true love wan at Carterha ;  
Or, of my great ancestor's plight,  
Whan southrons stole his kye by night ;  
How Branhholm's lord did them rescue,  
And made the lowns their raid to rue.

And thus she sung, and twined her rock,  
When at the door a feeble knock ;  
And then, anon, a feebler cry,—  
“ Open and save, or else I die.”

Each eye was fix'd, and keenly bent  
Upon the latch, for the event ;  
And soon we had the door unbarr'd,  
And eager stood upon our guard ;  
The dreadful night we did not know,  
It might be from the world below.

The raging wind the door up threw,  
And drifting fiercely, in it blew—  
An old lame man, feeble and bent,  
Benumb'd, and stooping as he went;  
His pouring weeds of homely gray  
Were rent, and worn, and torn away,  
His batter'd, thin, and hoary hair,  
Did well bespeak a mind of care;  
And in his eye you well might read  
A feeling heart, a thinking head;  
His cheek, though worn by sorrow keen,  
'Told plain he better days had seen.

Our idle fears they quickly fled,  
Our souls with love and pity bled,  
Our little dwelling was arranged,  
His dripping rags for dry were changed,  
Our warmest seat we made him share,  
And press'd him with our frugal fare,

Our kindness knew no base alloy,  
His heart was fill'd with grateful joy.

If on this earth there is a bliss,  
Again, I say, 'tis surely this,—  
To give relief to those who need,  
To bind the wounds of those that bleed,  
To hold a cup to those who faint—  
A pleasure this without a taint.

Our pilgrim's cares they quickly flew,  
And our attention deeply grew ;  
For to our ears he did relate,  
A tale of all his various fate :  
How he had borne his nation's arms,  
How oft he'd mix'd in war's alarms,  
The dreadful scenes he had beheld,  
Horrors of many a bloody field,  
And show'd us many an wound and scar,  
His only medals of the war :

And told, how in life's closing day  
His age was left to want a prey :  
He spent his youth, his land to serve,  
His land had left his age to starve ;  
Then dropt a tear at fortune's frown—  
We felt his sorrows as our own.

Two days pass'd on, the storm increased,  
The traveller still to stay was press'd,  
And many a wond'rous tale he told,  
Though mostly of the times of old.

And he would sing the live long night  
Of fairy's freak and witch's flight,  
Of warrior rude, and Border raid,  
Of captive knight, and lovely maid ;  
And as he sung, his eyes would gleam  
As if his soul was in his theme ;

But his rude style and artless rhyme,  
Mingling the tender and sublime,  
Bespoke the song of olden time.

The muse may mourn : these tales are now  
Evanished from memory's view ;—  
For earthly cares so intervene,  
I only know such things have been,—  
Save one or two, which long I've kept,  
Which I have thought upon and wept,  
And now I'll try, as best I may,  
To tell them in my rustic way :

THE

## Cruelle Mother.

---

“ O WHYE art thou so pale, Marye,  
Thye cheike so bleichit and white,  
The teire aye bursting in thyne e’e,  
Surely all is not righte !

“ Whate garris ye weir the yellowe gowne ?  
Whate ails ye att the blewe ?  
And whye so cheirless is thatte fece  
Thatte sorrowe nevir knewe ?

“ Is itt the stingis of felle disease,  
Thatte marke thee fore their preye ?  
Or is’t the stingis of slighted lue,  
Still worse to beire than theye ?

“ The rose is feded in thye cheike,  
And sorrowe dymis thyne e’e,  
A mothere’s herte can know no gyle,  
Thyne aillis come telle to me.”

Her colore went, her colore came,  
Ne soonnere came than flowne ;  
Ane answeire quiverred onne hir lippis,  
Butte aye the teiris ran downe :

“ I cannotte telle the truthe, mothere,  
My tounge itte shunnis the shame,  
To miserye soone I will be broughte,  
And aye muste beir the blame.”

“ Thye father has beine poore, daughtere,  
Aye deipe in povertye ;  
Butte honestye was all his pryde,  
And vertue dwelt withe me.



“ Thye father has beine poor, daughtere,  
Butte honoure was his guide,  
Butte he has brochte his daughtere upp  
To serve the worlde wide.

“ Our cleidinge is too coarse, daughtere,  
Our breide is far too browne,  
Butte ye withe gentillfolkis shall dyne,  
And weire a sylken gowne.

“ Our house is far too meine, daughtere,  
For such a fyne ladye,  
Butte ye may seike a fyner house,  
Ne langer heir ye’s be.”

Withe suche lyke cutting, keen reproche,  
Her wounded soul she tore ;  
And syne she turned her frome the house,  
And syne she barried the dore.

Gae trye, gae trye, thou cruelle dame,  
Gae ballanse welle thye deid ;  
Art thou the avenginge hande of heaven .  
Upon a guiltie heid ?

Butte in thatte heaven soon will be  
A soul whom luvè begyled ;  
Gae trye iff heaven will justifie  
Such justice to thye chylde.

Blacke, blacke and stormye was the nicht,  
The winde blew hard and chille ;  
Withe vengeance dreide, the sleetye rain  
Shrouded eche moore and hille.

The lightningis flashet, the thunders rored,  
The wateris raged amayne,  
The aungray spirit of the floode,  
Aye flounderring, shreiked agayne.

Atte laste, when morning hour drewe onne,  
The winde blew chille and cleire,  
And everye watery thinge itt froze,  
Save Marye's burning teire.

Butte O thatte lovelye forme grewe fainte,  
And O thatte herte was saire ;  
And aye she runge her lillye handis,  
And aye she tore her haire ;

And aye she sunge a mournfulle sange,  
Withe meltinge melodye ;  
The frostye winde itt threwe the strainis  
Quaverringe alang the lea.

## THE SONG.

“ Itt wasne kinde, thou cruelle manne,  
To prove sae fause a luv to me,  
To winne my herte, and shunn my hande,  
And bring me shame and miserye.

“ Itt wasne kinde, my mother deire,  
Butte yet I nevir wille complaine,  
O stille I luvē thee, and woulde praye,  
Butte sorrowe rendis my herte in twaine.

“ Butte hope is fledde, and pity deade,  
My all is vaneshed frome me ;  
This heathere bushe I’ll make my bedde,  
And lange and sounde my sleep shall be.”

And thus she sung, till burstinge teires  
Thatte angel voyse dide drowne ;  
Her tremblinge limbis refused to beire,  
Supporting strength was flowne.

Recallinge alle her bytter greifis,  
Thye swellit the tyde of woe ;  
Butte oh, allace ! life’s tyde itte fledde,  
Nevir agayne to flowe.

Now pale in dethe thatte cheike with whiche  
The rose coulde nevyr vye;  
And frozen white those lipis whiche once  
Excelled the coral's dye.

And caulde thatte breiste whiche once did seíme  
A paradise to winne—  
As caulde and white as onye snawe,  
Butte a broken herte withinne.

*The world is a City and  
many crooked streets, and  
is a market place  
wherein all man-  
neth*

## Fair Ellen.

---

FAIR ELLEN she rose, put her kirtle on,  
Just by the skriche of the day ;  
From her casement high, she turn'd her blue eye,  
And looked to the Klesly brae.

But the drop of dew was on her brow,  
And a fever parched her frame,  
And the lee long night she had turned and sicht,  
But her ailment wadna name.

And her eye was fix'd on the Klesly brae,  
Though all in the dawning gray ;  
Through the darksome yew with eiry sough,  
The gurly breeze it did play.

*Klesly*



The eiry sough and the gurly breeze  
Her notice they never drew,  
But she wiped the tear that aye rowed clear  
In her eye so lovely blue.

For Ellen was pure as the budding rose,  
And fair as the lily to see,  
But sad was her brow, and no one knew  
Whereof the cause might be.

And Ellen was old Sowden's pride,  
And the flower of the forest land,  
And many an wooer of wealth and power  
Had sought fair Ellen's hand.

But her answer aye was a dowie *nay*,  
When her friends would keenly press ;  
And she cared not to hear, for the bursting tear  
Bespoke the inward distress.

And now she stood at her casement high,  
All in the dawning grey ;  
And her eye did watch, as striving to catch  
Some one that came that way.

And her eye was fixt on the Klesly brae  
'Till the red sun glinted fair ;—  
On the Roughlee height, where now in sight,  
A knight did onward bear.

On a charger black, he rapidly rode,  
While his armour glinted bright :  
Full over the brae he shaped his way,  
'Till the birch wood hid him from sight.

The wood it was dern, unweeded, and wild ;  
A dell intersected the path,  
With holly so green, and brushwood between,  
That dell it was darker than death.



The maid saw him enter, and eagerly watch'd,  
And from the wood wish'd him free ;  
Till a shot did rebound, with a thundering sound,  
Bespeaking some foul treacherye.

Fair Ellen she scream'd, from the window she ran,  
And soon by the porter she flew ;  
Though loose was her hair, and her bosom was bare,  
No hind'rance her eagerness knew.

The brushwood and furze that cover'd the road,  
To her bare feet annoyance ne'er gave ;  
But onward she ply'd, and she eagerly cried,  
“ O Father of Mercies him save !”

A masterless steed, with his saddle all blood,  
From the pathway did gallop amain,  
And his colour was black,—“ O ever alack !”  
The maiden scream'd, “ sure he is slain.”

But ever she ran, though trembling her steps,  
Till into the depth of the wood,  
And there saw her knight engaged in fight,  
And his garments were scarlet with blood.

Yet sharp was his eye, and deadly his thrust,  
And rage to his arm vigour lent ;  
And Klesly's proud lord was transfix'd with his  
sword,  
Before a few passes were spent.

He reel'd, and he stagger'd, and fell to the earth ;  
With his life-blood the sward it was dyed ;  
While ghastly and wild, he infernally smiled,  
And gnashing with rage, thus he cryed :

“ Well, well ! it is done—my race it is o'er !  
O cursed may this day ever be !—

In my love I am foil'd—of my life I'm despoil'd—  
And my rival is blessed and free.

“ But O ! may the curse of the damned in hell  
For evermore ring in his ears ;  
And O may his bride—” but his tongue it was dry’d,  
And boiling, down fell the big tears.

Fair Ellen ran weeping, and strove him to aid,  
Nor heeded the knight of her care ;  
And the kirtle she wore, in pieces she tore,  
And quickly did dressing prepare :

And his wound strove to stem, but all was in vain,  
No skill unto him could avail ;  
His frame fainter growing, life’s tide ebber flowing,  
Told plainly its source ’gan to fail.

Revenge and despair made a hell in his breast,—  
A grappling with death he did hold,—  
When a pistol he felt, that was stuck in his belt,  
And his eagerness need not be told,

He aim'd at his rival,—and deadly his aim—  
The bullet deep enter'd his breast ;—  
Fair Ellen she flew, as his last breath he drew,  
—Her senses gave place to the rest.

O heaven and earth ! but death is a meed,  
Which sorrow like her's might desire ;  
While adversities prey on this dungeon of clay,  
And spoil the bright essence of fire.

But as it has been, even so it will be,  
And sorrow, the wage is of sin ;  
But virtue and truth to the soul shall give youth,  
When an unfading life shall begin.

When her senses return'd, they were breathless and  
stiff,  
And their blood it was clotted and cold ;  
Distorted and razed, while his eyes they were glazed,  
Were the features of Klesly the bold.

When her senses return'd—but what do I say?—

With their spirits her reason took flight;

When her brothers came nigh, they drew not her eye,

Which was fix'd on the heavens so bright.

And she sung a wild hymn, and oft she would  
laugh,

As she spoke with a being of air;

And the tears they would ply from her wildly fix'd  
eye,

While she told the pale cloudlets her care.

\* \* \*

The sun beam is red on the Belling so brown—

Can his redness be boding for good?

Or can it be wrath, for the doings of death,

This morn in the Klesly wood?

The old grey raven, he hovers aloft,  
And his note it is croaking and drear,  
He smells of the blood in the Klesly wood,  
And the raven will soon be here.



There's a masterless steed in the Klesly wood,  
With a deep cut gash in his side ;  
There's a masterless hound in the new marbled  
mound,  
And he howls at eventide.

There's a pale wasted form in the Klesly wood,  
And a pale little babe at her breast ;  
And fondly it clings, and wildly she sings,  
As on the lone grave she does rest.

The old shepherd tells, with the tear in his eye,  
As over his staff he does stand,  
That the poor maniac maid, with the pale child of sin,  
Was the flower of the forest land.

He will tell how the knight, who rode that steed,  
Wooed fortune with his sword ;  
And how he that own'd the howling hound,  
Was once proud Klesly's lord.

THE  
Gloampne Buchte.

---

THE sun was reid as a furnase mouthe,  
As he sank on the Ettericke hille,  
And the gloamyne gatherit from the easte,  
The dowye worlde to fille ;

When bonnye Jennye Roole she mylkyt the yowes,  
In the buchte aboon the lynne ;  
And they were wilde and wadna weire,  
Butt the hinmoste buchtfu' was in.

O mylk them weil, my bonnye Jennye Roole,  
The wylde shepherd did saye,  
And sing to me *The Keach i' the Criel*,  
To putte the tyme away.



It's fer oure late at night, shepherd,  
And I downa sing nae mair ;  
The fairies wad hear, quo' bonnye Jennye Roole,  
And wi' louting my back is sair.

He's ta'en her round the middle sae sma',  
And the ewes ran bye between,  
And out o' the buchte he has lay'd her down,  
And all on the dewye green.

The star of love i' the easterne lifte  
Was the only e'e that saw ;  
And the only tongue that theye could hear,  
Was the lynne's deep murmuring fa'.

O sing me the sang, my bonnye Jennye Roole,  
For O thou art dear to me !  
The angels may listen at yon little holes,  
And witness my vowes to thee.

I canna refuse, quo' bonnye Jennye Roole,  
And sae I will e'en beginne ;  
And she satte in his armis, and sweetlye she sang,  
And her voyse it rang frae the lynne.

And aye her quavering notis they rang  
Through glen and braken cleuch,  
And they sprang upthrough the welkin high,  
To the heaven's key stane blue.

Sing onne, sing onne, my bonnye Jennye Roole,  
For O your sang is sweete !  
I darena sing, quo' the bonnye lass,  
For I hear a waesome greete.

They turned their een to the Mourning Cleuch,  
Where the greeting seemed to be ;  
And there they saw a little green bairn  
Cominge oure the darksome lea :

And aye it raised a waesome greite,  
Butte, and an eiry crye,  
Untille it came to the buchte fauld end  
Where the wynsome payr did lye.

It lookit around with its snail-cappe eyne,  
And it washit its hands i' the dewe,  
Then turned its fece to the croune o' the lifte,  
And opened its goblyne mou'.

And it raised a youle, sae lang and loude,  
Sae elritch and sae shrille,  
That it dirlit upthrow the twinklinge holes,  
The second lifte untille.

The youlinge youte sae yerlishe was,  
Butte, and sae lang and loude,  
That the rysing moon like safrone grewe,  
And holit ahint a cloude.

And round the boddame of the lifte,  
It rang the worild through,  
And it boom'd against the mylkye waye,  
Afore it closed its mou'.

And next it raised its notte, and sange  
Sae witchinge and sae sweete,  
That the mowdies pouttelit out o' the yirth,  
And kyssit the synger's feete.

The weazille dunne, frae the aulde greye cairne,  
Wi' the theiffe foulmarte came nigh;  
And the hurcheon raxit its skorye chafts,  
As it gepit wi' gyrninge joye.

The todde he came frae the screthye holis,  
And courit fu' cunninglye;  
And the stinkan brokke, wi' his lange howe loone,  
Shote up his gruntle to see.

And the kydde and martyne ranne a race

Amange the dewye ferne,

And the maukin gogglied i' the synger's fece,

The chaunting notis to learn.

The perte little eskis, theye curlit their tails,

And dansed a myrthsome reele ;

And the tede helde uppe her aulde dunne lufis,

She lykit the sange sae weil.

The herone came frae the witch-poole tree,

The houlette frae deadwoode howe ;

And the auld greye corbye hovirt abone,

While the teiris downe his cheikis did flowe.

The yowes theye lappede oute oure the buchte,

And skippit uppe and downe ;

And bonnye Jennye Roole, by the shepherd's syde,

Felle backe out oure in a swoone.

Butte still hir herte beate quicke to the tyme,  
And her armes abreide she flange,  
And aye she bobbit uppe to the notte,  
Sae witchinge was the sange.

## THE SANGE.

O WHERE is tinye Hew?  
And where is little Lenne?  
And where is bonny Lu?  
And Menie of the Glenne?  
And where's the place of rest—  
The ever changing hame?  
Is it the gowan's breast,  
Or 'neath the bells of faem?

CHORUS—Ay, lu, lan, dil, y'u, &c.

The fairest rose you finde,  
May have a tainte withinne,  
The flower of womankynde  
Has oped her breast to sinne;

The fox-glove cuppe you bring,  
The tail of shooting sterne,  
And at the mossy ring  
We'll drink the blood of fern.

CHORUS—Ay, lu, lan, dil, y'u, &c.

And where the blushinge moone  
Is gliding down the skye,  
By streamer's wing, we soone  
Upon her top will lye—  
Her highest horn we'll ride,  
And quaffe her yellowe dewe,  
And in her bowerye side  
The burninge daye we'll view.

CHORUS—Ay, lu, lan, dil, y'u, &c.

The glamouringe strainis they fell and dyed  
Sae sweet and witchinglye,  
That bonnye Jennye Roole she lookit uppe  
The wild synger to see.

And she lookit hiche to the bodynge hille,  
And laighe to the darklinge deane,  
And she heard the soundis still ringin i' the lift,  
Butte naething coulde be seene.

She held her breathe, with anxious ear,—  
And thocht it was a dreime,—  
Butte an eirye nicher she heard i' the lynne,  
And a plitch-platch in the streime.

Never a word said bonnye Jennye Roole,  
Butte, shepherd, lette us gang;  
And never mair i' the Gloamyne Buchte  
Wad she singe another sange.



THE  
Palmer.

---

THE sun began to douk i' the main,  
The merle drappit singing,  
And dowie, tinkling up the glen,  
The vesper bell was ringing.

A palmer up the path pursued,  
His step was slow and weary,  
To the Ferney Tower, that sat i' the wood,  
Like eagle in her eyry.

As up into the gate he drew,  
The porter was sae ready :  
“ Here take thou this, thou porter true,  
And give it to thy young ladye ;

“ And bring an answer down to me,  
And here I will be waiting ”—  
And the porter had it speedilye  
To the place where she was sitting.

When first it met the ladye's eyne,  
Suspensive joy was beaming,  
But when she saw what was within,  
The brackit tear was streaming,

She took a piece of the white monye,  
From a coffer that was near her,—  
‘ There, keep thou this, and secrecye,  
And bring me up the bearer.’

The palmer sat upon a stone,  
Sae soon his step was ready,—  
And up he's gone, where all alone  
Was sitting the young ladye.

“ Now Christ thee save, my ladye fair,  
And the Holy Mother ward thee,  
What would thy love with a palmer poor,  
Such gentles ne’er regard me ?”

As up she rose, the griefsome swell  
Did heave her breast so tender,—  
“ I thank you for my letter well,  
But when saw you the sender ?”

“ O, it was but yestermorn, ladye,  
As forthward I was faring,  
That I met a gallant companye  
To the haly kirk repairing.

“ Their steeds they ambled on the way,  
The jetty plumes were dancing,  
And in the ruddy morning’s ray,  
The steel and the gowd were glancing.

“ And many a knight, and ladye bright,  
And footmen all on duty ;  
But the bonny bride, by the bridegroom’s side,  
I canna speak her beauty.

“ The chapel green she tripped alang,  
Nae fairye e’er was lighter ;  
And the flow’rets bright, their heads they hang,  
To see that ladye brighter :

“ And Charitye, around did thraw  
The silver pennyes plentye ;  
And the virgin chapell never saw  
A sight so fair and daintye.

‘ O whae, O whae,’ the bridegroom cried,  
‘ Will gae with message ready—  
Thou knowest the way, thou palmer gray,  
Thy trust is sure and steady !

‘ And ye maun gae to the Ferney Tower,  
The road ye maunna tarry ;  
To that ladye fair, this letter bear,  
Her answer back ye’ll carry.’

“ And then he gave me pieces three,  
They were of the burning moneye ;  
While his braw young bride she smiled by his side,  
O ladye, but she was bonnye.”

The ladye turned her face awaye,  
The gushing tear did blind her ;  
And proudly strove to hide the love,—  
The love she coudna hinder.

She took the ringlet and the ring,  
That were hidden in her bosom ;  
And the scarf sae blue, she wet with dew,  
All as she did inclose them.

Says,—“ take thou this to that brave knight”—

Her voice it was unsteady ;

“ May joy and honour aye be bright,

And heaven bless his ladye.”

The palmer’s breast it wasna steel,

He could not langer bear it ;

That heart sae leal, he loved sae well,

It rent his own to tear it.

The palmer cloake he threw away,—

The glamourye was o’er her ;

The scowly hat, and beard so gray,—

The bridegroom stood before her.

And aye he clasped her in his arms,

Her rosy lips were ready ;

He wiped the tears from all her charms—

“ O bless me ! bonny ladye.”

THE  
Kerlyn's Brocke.

---

THE auld gudeman came stampin ben,  
On battle he was bent,  
His face was like a burning coal,  
His eyn, like candles glent:—

“What ails the orpit doyterd stycke,”  
The kerlyn loudly said;—  
“Gang coole i’ the same creesh ye hette,  
Or haith, ye’s e rue youre raide.”

The crabbit carle wadna speak,  
His swelling wraithe did puffe;  
Butte, with the kente was in his neif,  
He kaimed the kerlyn’s buffe.

The kimmer kerlyn didna youcke

The places which she clew ;

Butte, girning vengeance, aye she cried,—

Youre crabbitness ye'se rue.

And then he satte him downe and cursed,

And bytterlye did flyte—

“ O gang youre length,” the kerlyn cried,

“ Ye *shall* have better right.”

Butte mony unseemlye bann he gae,

With lookes a foal might spean ;

Butte humph ! and grumph ! and supperlesse,

At last to bed he's gane.

It was a blacke November night,

Ilk starn had tied its eyn ;

Sae horrid mirke, nor yird, nor lifte,

By mortal could be seen.



And touting loud i' the lum top,  
The gousty wynd did roar ;  
Butte soon it scarcely could be heard  
For the auld man's drowning snore.

Aboon the aizles' dying gleid,  
The laithly kerlyn satte ;  
A while she mutter'd to herself,  
A while she stroak'd her catte.

A while she clenched her wither'd paws,  
While shooke her haggard form ;  
And then her listening phiz would gleam,  
As rose the wakening storm.

For the growling jarr came on the gust,  
And the winnock glinted bright ;  
And elritch giggle, and whizzing boom,  
Rose on the sootye night.

The kerlyn's eye it sperkyt wi' joy,  
Her leathery chaftis grew wide ;  
And on her clog she tied the spurr,  
And boun' to join the ride.

She sought the brydle from the hole,  
And soft to the bed syde drew,  
And slippit it oure the auld man's neck,  
With the bitt in his gaping mou'.

And oure the auld man's rigging back  
She laid her rannel-tree shanke ;  
Then deep in her lass she mutter'd a word,  
And proddit him in the flanke.

Then, with the boortree wand, she gave  
His beardy chaftis a stroke,—  
And oure the bed aneath her sprung,  
A lang lean toothless brocke !

She chakyt him up with the red snaffle bitte ;

And O, she satte him fair ;

And she soon o'ertooke the wytyches' trayne,

As they scamper'd along the aire !

" O where, O where now, Lucky Skrae,

Gatte ye thatte steed so fleete ?"

" O, I gatte him in a dovering sta',

He will be ill to beate."

" Spur up, spur up," cried Rannely Grizz,

" His mettle we will seye ;"

" Come on, come on," cried Lucky Skrae,

And dinna tyne the waye."

They bolted oure the tarry gulf,

And up the pitchy brae,

And the spraye came stourin back i' their face,

Frae the steed of Lucky Skrae.

For her humloch hypps she balansed sae weil,  
That she satte like a whinstane rock ;  
And her coutter phiz it cluve the aire  
A yirde afore the brocke.

She flail'd his flanks with her wooden shanks,  
And her brydle hand was goode,  
And the rowels of her spurrs were sae keenly sette,  
That theye dyed the clouds with bloode.

They whissilit through the gales of the lifte,  
And the swirles ahint them boomb,  
And the star beame stotted out of the way,  
When it saw the ryders come.

And they flew oure sea, and they flew oure land,  
Oure mountain, holt, and town,  
Untill they came to Byrtlye kyrk,  
And there they lighted down.

And straight they went to the tything pocke,  
'Twas heapit to the heade ;  
And fill'd thereout the haly trough,  
And bade their horses feed.

The steeds they were as yorlyns yappe,  
They steevely stecht their mawe ;  
And their ryders, for the haly pocke,  
Sought neither leave nor law.

Butte Lucky Skrae's forfoughen steed,  
A tasting never knew ;  
His toothless gans they fell abreide,  
He thockyt and he blew,  
And tumbled down on the flags sae dampe,  
And floated them all with dewe.

Butte a rumbling noise they hearde aneathe,  
And a whirk'ning reek they fand;  
And when they lookit to the pulpette uppe,  
They saw their master stand.

His looke was that of a byshoppe grave,  
With grace withinne his kyte,  
His hornis were hidde aneathe his wigg,  
Whiche was a snawye white.

The sabille gowne hang oure his tayle,  
And hidde his cluty heele;  
And the witches swore, nae prieste i' the land  
E'er sette the band sae weele.

Then to the chancelle where they satte,  
He did his visage bende,  
And gave them courteous complimente,  
How weel they did attend.

And he tooke the blue booke from his breaste,  
The letters seemed to lowe,  
And read a solemne litanye,  
With voise baithe sture and howe.

The witches yell'd—the black response  
Made all the kyrk to dirle—  
And then they sang their psaumis,  
With wild unyirthlye skirle.

And then began—but what they did,  
My tongue it darna tell;—  
Butte many a sinful quirk they show'd,  
With magic, hette from helle.

He tooke the pith of a parson's faithe,  
And shaw'd it on his loofe;  
And bad the kerlyngs view it weel,  
He wad lette them see the prooffe.

Butte ere he could find the tythe pennye,  
Wherewith he might assay,  
A pirl of wynd through the key hole came,  
And it blew from his loofe away.

And then he grippet the bedrel's spade,  
Ane pye therewith to seeke ;  
And he howkit up the fatte curatte  
Thatte burste in Easter week.

The boutcher kerlyngs felte his lyske,  
And thereoffe cutte a parte ;  
Like jaw hole of the pitte it stank,  
It lay sae near his hearte.

The master's hearte raise to his hass,  
His stamach vow'd to flynych ;  
He hurled him into the hole ageine,  
And cursed the horrid stench.



Butte aye he helde his face asyde ;  
And aye his nez did squeeze ;  
And leugh, and cried, as he trampet him down—  
He will be a sottering bleeze.

Then neiste he broached his nectar pipe,  
It was unkirsent blood ;  
And the witches smakit their skrynket gans,  
And swore 'twas blessed good.

And they teemed it down their grymy throats,  
To the healthe of their master true ;  
And nickering, grinded with their mucke-rake teeth,  
Uncouthsome to the view.

And they hobbled and lap with their gysent shins,  
And daunced on the clammy floore ;  
And the master kinket like to fa',  
Withe laughing at the stoure.

But his eye was set on Lucky Skrae,  
And aye he roosed her mettle ;  
And she lap sae yald, and spanged sae hich,  
Her rigging banes did rattle.

And he took her round the scraggye necke,  
Alle in a merry pinne,  
And he has kyssed her paunchy cheeke,  
And syne her nogly chinne ;—  
Butte here to specke of all their love,  
Wad be a mighty sinne.

And he curled aboutte his lang blacke tayle,  
Around her lymbis to play,  
When she pointed his eye to the haly trough,  
Where the poor auld brocke he lay.

“ Beholde,” she said, with a wheezling laugh,

“ My wynsome auld guidman—”

He snoukit up his barrel snoute,

And gave a fearful banne.

He turned himself to a maskys hounde,

And the kerlyns to beagles keen,

And the roar of the pitte was in their mouthes,

And its fire was sperkin i’ their eyn.

The brocke upsterte with yerlish youle,

And round the kyrk sae graye,

And the kennel swarmin’ at his hippes,

With horrifying bay.

And round the kyrk, and round the kyrk,

They flew like dartyng hail,

And the brunstane leme came frae their throats,

And syngit his drakit tail.

His vera heart was like to burste,  
He aft was hafflins down ;  
Butte aye he ran with whinkin scream,  
Till he drappit in a swoone.

They guddled and chackit about his flanks,  
Till tired of the play ;  
Then took their shepes, and filled their mirth  
With screeching bellowing bray :

And spent the night in rite and spell,  
And mony a nameless thing,  
Untill the rector's wakeful cocke  
Begoude to clappe his wing.

Then up they raise, with ghastrous look,  
And to their steedis they flew,  
While the master held the stirrup cuppe,  
And bade them kynde adieu.

Butte Lucky Scrae's half worried steed,  
He never mint the road,  
Till a reid hette pyke the master gatte,  
And gave his loone a prodde.

Then uppe he like a skell-drake flewe,  
The cure was not in vain ;  
And Lucky Scrae, with muckil glee,  
Soon spurr'd afore the trayne.

And up the slackis of the morning cloud,  
Aneath the lirks of light,  
While their skrakling tongues were heard aneath,  
Like wyld geese in their flyghte.

Sainte Barty ! 'twas a glorious sight,  
The figure which they made ;  
Butte the auld guidman, alake the tyme,  
For ever rued the raide !

## THE MORAL.

O NEVER vex ane roudes auld,  
Although she rax your faithe;  
For, late and air, revenge she'll seek,  
When least you dread the skaith.

And O, for blessings, never threshe,  
If ye wadna the brydle thole,  
For she'll ride ye post to the clutye deil,  
And he to the reikye hole.

## Auld Ringan.

---

AULD RINGAN sat i' the Smailcleuch Tower,  
Even at his ain hearth stane ;  
And his mind did roam on youthful deeds,  
Of days that now were gane.

For the Olivers stout, of Jed-forest,  
Lang counted him their stay ;  
But now, he bow'd upon his staff,  
And his auld thin locks were gray.

And Ringan had ance been a buirdly wight,  
And that the baron knew ;  
But now he was an auld fail'd man,  
Yet still his heart was true.

Auld Ringan sat i' the Smailcleuch Tower,  
And he sat all alane;  
And only heard the cricket chirp,  
Ahint the black hud stane.

But the darling child of Ringan's age,  
Her name was lovely May,  
Came breathless in to her father's side,  
And thus to him did say—

“ O father dear, I've got a fright,  
But can I foolish be ?  
Two hunters sprung from the green wood,  
On horseback, after me.

“ I know not how my foolish mind  
Could think they meant me ill;  
But, in the dingle of the cleugh,  
I left them to their will.”



“ My darling May, my beauteous child,  
They ne’er could injure thee ;  
For heaven to so much innocence,  
Will sure protection be.

“ But if I thought a villain was  
Had heart to do thee harm!  
He yet should find there still was pith  
In this auld feeble arm.”

---

Auld Ringan sat in Smailcleuch Tower,  
And by him bonny May,  
When they thought they heard a clamouring sound  
Like to the fox hound’s bay ;

And the yollering, youting noise came on,  
And swell’d the unsteady gale ;  
And hunter’s hoop, and bugle horn,  
Re-echoed down the vale.

Fair May unto the window ran,  
To see what she might see ;  
And there she saw the hunting band,  
Parading on the lea.

And the tod ran up, and the tod ran down,  
And the tod ran high and low ;  
And unto the middle of Ringan's corn,  
The wily tod he did go.

The trail was warm, the hounds were keen,  
The huntsmen spurr'd amain ;  
And fox and followers, one and all,  
Were treading Ringan's grain.

The lovely May at the window stood,  
And her silken snood did tie ;  
And braided the curling auburn locks,  
Which waved above her eye.

“ How has the hunters sped, my dear ?

Say, have they reynard slain ?

Or why so clam'rous is their din ?

Sae loud the bugle's strain ?”

“ Their sport is seeming good, father,

But reynard is not slain ;

For he has loupn the auld fail dyke,

Amang our wheaten grain ;

And the huntsmen they have followed him,

With all their hunting train.”

Auld Ringan's furrowed cheek grew pale,

And kindling was his e'e—

“ And who will hunt amang my corn

Without the leave of me ?

“ Mine arm is weak, my eye is dim,  
My tottering steps are slow  
I trust in Him who aids the weak—  
They shall not use me so.”

With gleaming eye, Auld Ringan rose,  
And girt his brand of steel,  
His trusty hagbut from the wall  
He took, and charged it weel.

The maid she tore her hair and cry'd,  
And aye her hands she wrung,  
With—“ O regard thy feeble age !”  
And round his knees she clung.

“ I know thy care, my duteous child,  
O cease to wail and weep,  
And trust thou in the God of strength,  
He will thy father keep.”

They hunted up, they hunted down,  
Still cunning reynard sped,  
Till Ringan's corn, that yellow waved,  
Was now all trodden red.

They hunted up, they hunted down,  
Till Ringan loud did cry—  
“Now, wha may ye be, bauld hunters,  
Who take this liberty?”

The hunters answer'd, with a laugh,  
And mocking, thus did say—  
“Gae hame, gae hame, auld dotard wight,  
Gae hame and learn to pray.”

Auld Ringan stood against the dyke,  
And levell'd weel his gun:  
Two of the bonnyest dogs he laid  
With white wames to the sun.

“ Beshrew thy heart,” quoth the hunter chief,

“ They shall be dear to thee”—

“ Ho ! slay him quick,” quo’ the red pricker,

“ He’s bear them company.—

“ Gae hunt and kill,” the pricker cry’d,

“ The fox sae sair forfoughte ;

And leave to me the auld churl,

I’ll trench him as he ought.”

The hunters scoured again the field,

The red pricker did stay,

And for to kill the poor auld man,

His weapons did assay.

“ My arm is weak,” Auld Ringan cry’d,

“ My step is crazed and slow ;

There was a day, this arm could well

Have worn thy heaviest blow.”

" Beshrew thy soul," the pricker cry'd,

" It shall not do thee good ;

My horse's hoof I soon shall bathe

Among thy dearest blood."

" Come on, come on !" Auld Ringan cry'd,

" Thy boast is bauldly said ;

But prove the vaunt—I am prepared,"—

Then drew his trusty blade.

The hunter bridled up his grey,

And spurr'd him to the bound ;

But never wist till he and horse

Were rolling on the ground.

The eye-stern of his gallant grey

Fell trickling down his nose ;

The pricker was a bruised wight,

Full hardly up he rose.

“ Now take thy brand,” thou proud pricker,  
“ And hand to hand we’ll fight ;  
For one of us shall surely die,  
And God assist the right.”

The first stroke that Auld Ringan gave,  
The blood came trickling down ;  
The second stroke Auld Ringan gave,  
He cleft his plume-deck’d crown—  
The pricker was so sore abash’d,  
He fell back in a swoon.

“ Now reck thy rede, thou boaster proud,  
Which thou set forth as mine ;  
And may that God, whom thou defied,  
Cause mercy on thee shine.”



The vauntful pricker's faithful steed,  
    Stood trembling at his side;  
And from his eye, so deeply gored,  
    Fast flowed the scarlet tide.

Auld Ringan took his trusty brand,  
    And dried it on the grass,  
And homeward, quickly as he might,  
    His tottering steps did pass.

Sweet May she sobb'd—the sullying tear  
    Was on her blooming cheek;  
But O, her eye was grateful joy,  
    More then her tongue could speak.

---

Auld Ringan sat at the Smailcleugh Tower,  
    And the tear was in his e'e,  
And a breathing prayer was on his lips,  
    And the haly Book on his knee.

The bonny May sat by his side,  
And her cheek began to dry,  
When fell on her ear a dunnering sound,  
Mix'd with a boisterous cry.

And when she ran to the window grate,  
The first thing that met her sight,  
Was the troop of hunters coming on,—  
Riding with furious might.

They spatter'd through the Latchy Ford,  
And never drew the rein;  
And loud she heard the 'vengeful threat,  
With many an oath profane.

The maid she shriek'd in wild dismay,  
And from the window flew;

And barr'd the door with fearful haste ;

And as the bolt she threw,

A shower of bullets round her rang,

But yet no scathe she knew.

“ Preserve my child !” Auld Ringan cried,

As up himself he raised ;

But as he spoke, through window grate,

A ball his temple grazed.

“ Gae fetch, gae fetch my hagbuts five,”

With flashing eye he said ;

And May she ran, and knew not fear,

And soon his words obey'd.

With vengeance keen, and heavy oath,

To burst the door they try'd ;

And gavelock, pinch, and sledge hammer,

With might and main they plied.

But 'gainst the cross barr'd bolted oak,  
    Their rage did not avail ;  
They quit the task the door to force,  
    And did with gun assail ;  
And through the shivering grated panes  
    The bullets flew like hail.

And they shot in, and he shot out,  
    His mark was seldom vain ;  
And aye as he discharged his gun,  
    The maid re-charged again.

And he shot out, and they shot in,  
    Till westward fell the day ;  
And trickling fell the reeking dew  
    From Ringan's locks sae grey.

“ O quit not covert of the wall—

Avoid the range, my May !”

He spoke—a *shot* !—she stagger’d back,

And on the floor she lay.

That spotless breast produced a tide,

Which deluged all the floor ;

That modest eye was fix’d and glazed,

Yet still seem’d to implore !

Her father took her by the hand,—

The pulse of life was gone !

“ My child !” he cried, “ my darling child !”

But answer there was none.

If you have seen the lioness

Upon her plund’ers break !—

I could compare—but ah ! to him

The simile is weak.

He snatched the sword from whence it hung,  
Away the scabbard threw :  
With grief and rage, he lost his age,  
As to the door he flew.

The ruffians rude, with burning brand,  
To fire the roof they tried :  
His foot was tangled in the rope,  
Wherewith the door was tied :

He fell !—and instant every arm  
With weapon rude was rear'd—  
And pick, and mell, and causeway stone,  
With Ringan's brains were smear'd.

\* \* \* \*

The sunbeam linger'd on the cloud,  
Where his sainted child did wait :  
And the angels soothed them with a hymn,  
As they bore them up to the gate.

And they bathed their wounds i' the river o' life,  
Which from the throne did rin;  
And the Son of heaven he dighted their een,  
And bade them welcome in.\*

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\* See *Note* on this Ballad at the conclusion of the volume.

## THE

## Hermit of Hazledutha.

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WHERE HAZLEDUTHA's crystal tide  
Winds through its rural vale,  
Whilom an ancient hermit staid,  
The subject of my tale.

Beneath a rock, whose hoary cliffs  
O'erhung the limpid stream,  
He dwelt secure from winter's storm,  
And summer's burning beam.

His furniture was but a couch,  
Made of the moss so white,  
Which served him to recline by day,  
And rest upon by night.



His food was of the pastoral kind,  
And herbs his board supplied;  
His beverage was the mossy spring,  
Which popped him beside.

No friend he sought to tell his care,—  
For friends are mix'd with foes;  
His dog, it solely did partake  
Of all his joys and woes.

For he had seen earth's vanities,  
And felt its guileful ways;  
Retired—with his faithful dog,  
He past his hoary days.

The simple swains unto his cell,  
With wonder oft would draw;  
And he would read them nature's book,  
And teach them nature's law.

I well could read his lonesome life,  
    But it would scant avail ;  
So I will tell in rustic guise,  
    The hermit's simple tale :

## THE TALE.

One day, when summer turn'd her prime,  
    Sol shone with burning beam,  
The parched cattle left the hills,  
    And sought the cooling stream.

The fissured earth, with glowing heat,  
    Grew as an oven warm ;  
And toiling lab'ers, sweating, sought  
    The shelt'ring cot or farm.

But slowly gathering in the south,  
    From lands of distant fame,  
Was seen the gloomy sulph'r'ous cloud,  
    Pregnant with latent flame,

And soon obscuring all the day—

The thundering did begin ;

Confused sounds were heard afar,

O'er the majestic Dinn.

The timid sheep, distracted, ran

From haugh and grassy dale ;

The ox, he gazed upon the gloom,

And snuff'd the sulph'ry gale.

The linked lightning, darting flew,

Each time with larger flash,

Till, with the horrifying roar,

The mountains seem'd to crash.

The mingled water fell in spouts,

Which in the air did sound ;

Till floating mosses, from the fells,

In acres lay around.

The reddening torrents wildly ran,  
And swell'd like rivers wide ;  
And rainbow'd cataracts from the rocks,  
Did feed the roaring tide.

In th'entrance to his little cell,  
The reverend hermit stood :  
With awe, he heard the thunders groan,  
And saw the raging flood ;

And, as he bent his solemn soul,  
In moralizing strain,  
He saw a stranger nigh approach,  
Amid the drenching rain.

“ My son,” he cried, “ why dost thou thus  
The elements all brave ?  
How easy may the sweeping flood  
Become thy wat'ry grave !

“ Have welcome, child, into my cell,  
And shun the dreadful shower ;  
The thunders distant fall away,  
Yet still the rain doth pour.”

“ I thank thee, father,” said the youth,  
“ Thy open door is kind ;  
I thought not in this dreadful place  
Such refuge for to find.”

“ Doubt not, my son ;—the heavens may frown,  
And send their tempests forth ;  
The awful thunders roll on high,  
And shake the trembling earth ;

“ The floods may sweep the harvest plain  
Before the reaper’s hand ;  
And famine sit, with shrivell’d form,  
Amidst a guilty land ;

“ And O, my son, the human race,  
The moral ill can draw—  
He never sends his message forth  
Without a gracious law.

“ ’Tis His to lay the burden on,  
Of sorrow, pain, or care ;  
’Tis man’s estate,—and all should learn,  
With patient mind to bear.

“ But O, how soon would feeble man  
Sink down beneath the load,  
Did not the Saviour’s helping arm  
Support him on the road !

“ Did not his love, in this dark vale,  
Our erring steps sustain,  
Our best efforts were less than nought,  
Our best resolves were vain.

“ For, O my son, this troubled life  
Has many a prospect drear ;  
Yet strive against desponding doubts,  
Thy God is ever near.”

The stranger felt the struggling tear,  
He turn'd his face aside ;  
And with a voice that seem'd opprest,  
He on this wise replied :

“ O father, well your words befit  
A soul in sorrow's pain ;  
And well you speak the sacred truth,  
That human works are vain ;

“ And well my tongue could read a tale,  
So sad, and yet so true—  
But recollections only serve  
To fret the wound anew.

“ But lo ! the fading eastern cloud  
Doth heaven’s bow display ;  
The floods abate, the storm is past,  
I must be on my way.”

“ My son, my son, you cannot go,  
The floods are raging still ;  
And see,—the sun, with wading beam,  
Begins to touch the hill ;

“ And night, ere long, will veil the waste—  
The way is far and foul ;  
The croaking ravens soar aloft,  
And loud the foxes howl.

“ Remain—this night remain with me,  
Though frugal be my fare ;  
Yet welcome—as from heaven sent,—  
Thou shalt partake a share :



“ For I, my son, thy fellow worm,  
Have had my share of grief;  
And never can expect to find,  
Till in the grave, relief.

“ To me unfold thy sorrowing tale,  
Perchance ’twill ease thy mind;  
For grief is always worst to bear  
While to one breast confined :

“ But doubtless, nature needs support.”—  
So said,—away he went,  
And heap’d his board with healthy fare,  
And such as heaven had sent.

But though the hermit kindly press’d,  
Yet small repast was made;  
The stranger’s face was all o’erhung  
With melancholy’s shade.

Wan was his cheek, and sunk his eye  
With heart-harrassing care ;  
But in that eye might still be read,—  
A feeling soul was there.

A feeling soul, a beam from heaven,  
To mortals here below ;  
Yet they to whom this gift is given,  
Must bear a brother's woe.

Yet, while our fellows' woes we bear,  
Our own become more light ;  
For pitying angels our's do bear,  
So pleased at the sight.

The hours they pass'd in holy talk,  
Of misery and of man ;  
At length the stranger, at request,  
His hist'ry thus began :

## THE STRANGER'S HISTORY.

“ My father was of Scottish land,  
And wealth and power had he ;  
My mother died when I was young,  
And left no more but me.

“ That day I never shall forget,  
While life my bosom warms !  
When, lying on the bed of death,  
I, in her feeble arms,—

‘ My child,’ she said, ‘ my darling child,  
I feel that we must part ;  
O, weep not so, my dearest dear !  
O, cheer thy little heart !

‘ There is a gracious God above,  
The orphan’s God is he ;  
To him I go—be good my child,  
And he’ll take care of thee.

‘ An earthly parent too will keep,  
And cheer thy little breast ;  
For love to thee, and love to her  
That’s to eternal rest !’

“ She could no more—her fainting voice  
Was now exhausted quite ;  
The spirit from its house of clay  
To heaven bent its flight.”—

The stranger paused and dropt a tear,  
The hermit did the same ;  
And struggling feelings rose within,  
His tongue refused to name.

Awhile they sate indulging grief,  
The silent grief of woe ;  
At length the stranger did resume,  
And onward thus did go :

“ My childhood pass’d ’mong scenes of love,  
Which draws fond mem’ry’s sigh ;  
And till afflicting woes began,  
I never deem’d them nigh.

“ My father, tired of single life,  
Another helpmate chose ;  
And from that time, alas the while !  
I well may date my woes.

“ Five years past on—three comely boys  
Did bless my parent’s care ;  
And also shared the filial love  
Which unto me he bare.

“ How glad was I to see them rise,—  
Companions of my ways ;  
With love, unfeign’d, I soothed their plaints,  
And ruled their little plays.

“ Till envy, in my step-dame’s heart,  
    With malice, did appear ;  
And with complaints of deepest guile,  
    She fill’d my father’s ear.

“ And shall I say ?—my father’s mind  
    Was but too easy sway’d—  
And I was left without a friend,  
    My tender youth to aid.

“ I dwelt within a father’s house—  
    Alas ! ’twas but the name—  
For with the menials I was set,—  
    Insulted by the same.

“ So past my life, till twenty years  
    Had nearly roll’d away ;  
And many a sleepless night I spent,  
    And many a joyless day.

“ But heaven saw fit it should not last,  
And wisely did ordain,—

Unto my father's ear one day,  
My reason did complain :

‘ My son’ he said, ‘ so discontent  
With bounties you receive !

But if you can your estate mend  
Elsewhere—you have my leave.’

“ Of such a balm, why need I speak ?  
I thought my breast was riven—

Unseen, I left my father's house,  
Protected but by heaven !

“ The floods of grief so overwhelm'd,  
Scarce knew I where I went ;  
Till blessed hope came to my aid,  
And strength'ning vigour lent.

“ I knew the Champions of the Church  
Did muster up their bands—  
The blest Redeemer’s sepulchre  
Was in the heathens’ hands !

“ I join’d beneath the holy cross  
Of England’s warlike king ;  
Whose val’rous deeds, and glorious acts  
Made Christendom to ring.

“ With him I went, with him I fought  
In many a bloody field ;  
And many a scene of carnage rude,  
My youngling eyes beheld.

“ On Asc’lon’s well-contested field,  
In hottest broil I stood—  
Midst death and life, and dying groans,  
And streams of human blood !



“ Our royal master glory sought—

The foremost in the fight !—

Till nearly had he fallen a prey

Unto the heathen's might.

“ I saw his danger, and with speed

Rally'd a chosen few ;

And cut our way through hostile ranks,

And did him safe rescue !

“ Need I recount our various deeds,

Of war and chivalry !

They're wond'rous, even when proclaim'd

By tongue of calumny.

“ With vict'ry worn, our noble troops

With scars of glory, lamè ;

Our native land again we sought,

Our only wealth was *fame* !

\* \* \* \* \*

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“ At last, by Chaluz’ fatal walls,  
Our noble king was slain !  
And with him fell the English pride,  
That could not rise again.

“ He with his dying breath, bequeath’d,  
Unto his servants true;  
A fourth of all his kingly wealth—  
Rewarding merits due.

“ His brother next did mount the throne,  
A prince of spirit mean ;  
Haughty and proud, the base reverse,  
What Richard brave, had been.

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\* There seems to be a good many stanzas lost here.

“ I now expected from my toils  
To pass my life in peace ;  
To live content—I did not care  
My fortune to increase.

“ A damsel’s love soon won my heart,  
So blooming, fair, and young ;  
Angelic virtues ! but, alas,  
Description fails my tongue !

“ With her I thought to pass my days,  
Exempt from strife and care ;  
But soon awaked from golden dream,  
Left bordering on despair !

“ That very day I hoped to see  
My bridal wishes crown’d,  
Fell death did pierce the fairest breast,  
That ever he did wound.

“ And while, unfeignedly, I wail’d

My mistress, cold in clay—

Fierce arbitration’s iron hand

Reft my estate away.

“ The estate that brave Richard gave

To recompense my toils,

His coward brother took away,

The same as lawful spoils.

“ Of love, of hope, of substance stript,

To grief I fell a prey ;—

I felt a wish, once more to see

My scenes of early day.

“ Again to view my native scenes,

By Ewa’s fairy stream,

Where oft, on distant bed of care,

I’ve stray’d in morning dream.

“ Again upon my mother’s grave

To shed another tear ;

And, if alive, to see a face

That once to me was dear !

“ Although to me he proved unkind,

May heaven upon him shine,

And shed upon his hoary years

The influence divine !”

He paused with tears—the hermit sate,

Utterance his tongue denied ;

But at the length regain’d his speech,

And rising up, he cried :

“ God of my fathers ! do I dream ?

No, sure it cannot be—

My child ! my child ! my ill used child !

Thy cruel father see !

“ Yes, yes, ’tis he—’tis truly he—

Alas, I know thee still—

O bounteous providence ! how good,

And gracious is thy will.

“ Welcome again, my dearest child ;

My ill used hope and trust—

If heaven pass by my cruelty,

That heaven is unjust !

“ But I have felt—already felt

Griefs,—grievous to be borne ;

And my harsh usage to my child,

Has always been a thorn.

“ Eternal providence ! how deep

And wond’rous are thy ways—

To bring again my long lost hope,

To cheer my latter days.

“ Now since I’ve seen my Albert’s face,  
Contented I will die ;  
And with my fathers, in the grave  
Of peaceful rest, will lie.”

If that your eyes did e’er behold  
A statue of amaze !  
You may imagine it—the youth  
He could do nought but gaze.

He saw a father’s honour’d face,  
Furrow’d with cares and years ;  
And clasped him round the bending knees,  
And bathed his feet with tears.

The simple muse of rustic bard  
Foil rudely paints the scene ;  
Imagination, but not words,  
Can tell what pass’d between.

But nature now had sunk to rest,  
And all was silence deep ;  
And, on the hermit's mossy couch,  
They soothed their minds to sleep.

For sable night involved the skies,  
And darkness spread around ;  
The rain had ceased, the torrent's roar  
Did on the hills resound.

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AGAIN the bright'ning eastern sky  
Foretold the king of day ;  
The purple curtains drawing back,  
Prepared for him a way ;

And rising o'er the distant fells,  
His rays he shot along ;  
The little birds they left their nests,  
And pour'd their matin song.



The sod appear'd a fresher green,  
The sky a clearer blue ;  
And flowers last morn, that droop'd with heat,  
Shone brighter through the dew.

Their opening fragrance did perfume  
The air, so pure and free ;  
The zephyr's breath it bore no sound,  
Save of the droning bee.

Musing on providence's ways,  
The hermit left his bed ;  
A tear of joy shed o'er his son,  
Who yet reclined his head :

But soon awoke, and both partook  
Their morning frugal cheer,  
Bread, cheese, and fruits ; and then they drank  
The water springing clear ;

And sate them on the sward so green,  
 With thyme and violets wove ;  
 While, all around, the feather'd choir  
 Did vocalize the grove.

And then to Albert's listening ear,  
 The father did relate,  
 A tale of all the griefs and woes,  
 That mark'd his chang'd state.

## THE HERMIT'S RELATION.

“ When you were lost, and none could tell  
 Me whither you were gone,  
 Then was I smitten in my soul,  
 For harshness I had shewn.

“ My spouse, she strove to laugh away  
 Those feelings from my breast ;  
 And told me not to be cast down,  
 At loss of such a guest.

“ This consolation did but add

Fresh fuel to my grief;

Mine eyes were oped, my loss I saw,

Too late to find relief.

“ Adversity came to my gates,

With iron aspect stern ;

And then my friends, and then my foes,

I sep'rate could discern.

“ For Border chieftains soon began

To blow the coal of war ;

And over all fair Liddesdale,

Spread robbery, blood, and jar.

The country's interest lay at stake,

So loud were the alarms ;

To check the fierce invader's might,

We all betook to arms.

“ Myself, and eke your brothers three,  
Took ev’ry man his brand,  
(Altho’ they scarce had reach’d their prime,)  
And join’d the Scottish band.

“ The plunderers’ force we soon descried,  
Encumber’d with their spoil ;  
Who, when they saw they were pursued,  
Full quickly did recoil.

“ And when we nigh’d, the winged shafts  
Flew whistling sharp and keen ;  
And several of our little host  
Laid bleeding on the green.

“ With might and main we hurried on,  
Till through their arrow-flight ;  
And spurr’d our steeds with ’vengeful speed,  
To gain a closer fight.

“ Tremendous was the charge ! and long  
And doubtful was the strife :  
The trumpet’s clangor drown’d the cries  
And groans of parting life !

“ Our broken spears away we threw,  
And grasp’d the broad claymore ;  
And on the enemy’s numerous ranks,  
Impetuously we bore.

“ What mortal valour could perform,  
Our little band achieved ;  
Though three to one’s a deadly odds,  
And hard to be believed !

“ Yet evening saw our shatter’d troops  
Still keep the bloody plain :  
Midst death and life, and ’mong the rest,  
Your brothers three lay slain :

“ Breathless, and clad with blood and dust

When I beheld the sight—

It was too much for me to bear,

My senses sunk in night;—

“ Lifeless I lay, with streaming wounds,—

Their source had soon run dry,

Had pitying soldiers not me borne

Into a cot, hard by ;

“ Where, with kind hands, they dress'd my wounds,

And carefully did bind :

But oh ! the seat of all my woe,

Was to my breast confined !

“ Two months I lay, wishing that death

Would come and set me free—

The body heals not, while the mind

Is sunk in misery.

“ But providence, which still protects,  
And over-rules our fate,  
Saw fit to lengthen out my days—  
My sickness did abate.

“ And soon, assisted by a staff,  
I breathed the fresh’ning air;  
Methought, till then, creation’s face  
Never appear’d so fair.

“ But when, instinctively, I gazed  
Upon the fatal plain,  
Remembrance sad, my soul o’ercast,  
Nor could I it restrain.

“ When I had so regain’d my strength,  
That I could bear to ride;  
One morning I set out for home,  
A shepherd was my guide.

“ Slowly we march’d—the sultry day  
My feeble frame oppress’d ;  
And ere we reach’d my ancient dome,  
Its inmates were at rest.

“ I softly call’d, and soon awoke  
Old Walter, kind and true,  
Who gladly rose, and drew the bolt,  
For well my voice he knew.

We struck a light, and forward, sought  
My chamber in the hall ;  
But were surprised to find the door  
Unopen’d at my call.

“ Impatient, wondering at the cause  
That did me thus retard ;  
We burst the door we could not ope,  
It was so firmly barr’d.



“ What I beheld, shall I declare ?

Will virtue deign to hear !

--Yes, I'll declare—for simple truth

Offends not virtue's ear.

“ There I beheld my *virtuous wife* !

—Her sons in battle dead !—

Comforted by a paramour,

Who occupied my bed.

“ Ignoble ! false ! accursed wretch !

I only could exclaim ;

O'erwhelming passions tied my tongue,

And did my soul inflame.

“ Vengeance and rage possess'd my soul,

And quick impell'd my hand ;

I forward rush'd, and through them both

I pass'd my blood-stain'd brand.

“ Welt’ring with death,—the air they fill’d  
With execrations dire ;  
Blaspheming Him to whom they went,  
The wretches did expire.

“ Abhorrence still will more increase,  
When I to you declare,  
How this vile instrument of shame,  
Did once my bounty share :

“ When war’s alarms were rung, and we  
Went off to quell the foe,  
Sickly he grew, ‘ and sadly grieved  
He could not with us go !’

“ I urged his fears, and ere I went  
The tear of friendship shared ;  
And left my wife to tend his bed,  
And be his nursing guard.

“ Prefidious, false, unfeeling souls !

But why do I exclaim ?

They now are gone to seek reward,

Where they will meet the same.

“ My state of mind—O gracious heaven !

O spare that thought of pain—

O, Albert ! you can better guess,

Than I can here explain !

“ But aye the woe that sorest wrung,

Was, when my mind was toss’d—

Upon an ill used only child,

By harshest treatment lost !

“ Then to an wounded soul like mine,

Sweet solitude was dear ;

I wish’d a fair and lone exile,

And found my wishes here.

“ I left my estate to the care  
Of one, whose trust I knew—  
Blest be the day, that brings again  
The owner to his due ;

“ For now, my wishes all are crown'd—  
I ask no farther joy,  
Than to restore unto his right,  
My ill used orphan boy !

“ O, may that power, that still has been  
Through darkest paths a guide,  
Now amply shed that happiness,  
Which former years denied.

“ For me, sweet solitude has charms  
The world cannot give ;  
And in this wild and lone retreat,  
Sequester'd I will live.

“ The streams, the woods, the little birds,  
Trilling their notes of joy,  
Give me delight, and such delight  
The heart can never cloy.

“ And when the day, that soon must come,  
Shall lay me in the grave,  
Thy duteous hands will do that deed,—  
All earthly bliss I crave !”

The father ceased—and Albert's ear  
Had mark'd the story well ;  
But tender scenes that pass'd between,  
Let stronger language tell.

Nor need I tell, how Albert found  
His native home so fair ;  
Or how he trod his native sod,  
Or breathed his native air ;

Or how he wed the fairest maid,  
That graced his native vale ;  
Or, spent his life, remote from strife,—  
But here I'll end my TALE.

# MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

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## THE VISION.

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### A FRAGMENT.

PHOEBUS had sunk adown the westlin wave,  
And all his curtain-clouds were tinged with gold;  
And gathering darkness fill'd the blue concave;  
And flocks ceased bleating in the evening fold—  
The star beam glitter'd on the dewy wold;  
Full o'er the eastern hill the moon rose red,  
Like solemn phantom of some warrior old,  
Waked ruthless from his everlasting bed,—  
Creation seem'd to pause, list'ning the sentence dread.

All was so hush'd, it to my mind did seem  
As nature's general pulse was sunk and still ;  
Nor noise, nor sound, disturb'd the waking dream,  
Save gurgling fall of cleugh or mossy rill,  
Borne by the zephyr from the shadowy hill,  
Where elves and fays their moonlight revels keep,  
With other beings of the muses' will ;  
But all the human world had gone to sleep,  
Save whom, by pain or care, that blessing could not reap.

Alone I sate, in meditation lost,  
On time, eternity, on heaven and hell,  
On life and death, that gulf man ne'er recross'd,  
The tidings of the other side to tell ;  
Where an eternal mist doth ever dwell !—  
And then I deem'd a world in every star,  
With Eden bowers, and man that never fell—  
Reason and reverie my soul did jar,  
Till sleep, with leaden sceptre, did my eyelids bar.



I slept, and vision open'd to my view,—

A land outstretch'd around me far and wide ;

A land of lakes and isles, where forests grew ;

Of rivers, winding with a crystal tide ;

Of everlasting hills, which oft did hide

Their tops, amid the dark'ning clouds of heaven ;

Where even the coarse brown heather was denied,

And only bleak and barren rocks were given,

By heaven's artillery shatter'd, rent, and riven.

A land of lights and shades—a chequer'd scene !

Of cliff-crown'd mounts, which seem'd to threat  
the sky ;

Where woods and vallies fair lay stretch'd between,

Enliven'd by the sweetest melody ;

While high above was heard the eagle's cry—

A land of flocks and herds ; of love-sick swains ;

Of maidens, fairer than the morning's eye,

To whom were pour'd the artless lover's strains,

Which from the evening folds did melodize the plains.

And in that land a wond'rous tree there grew,  
Whose roots were deep, its branches long and wide,  
Though oft 'twas leafless, wild, and bare to view,  
Yet still it was a nation's joy and pride ;  
And well it might, for foemen often tried,  
While but a twig, to root it whence it stood ;  
But this, our bold ancestors stout denied,  
And drew their swords to make their words stand  
good—  
And oft the sapling plant was water'd with their blood.

O, Liberty ! thou goddess, all divine !  
Thou bliss of blessings, lent us from above—  
O, if thou cease, bright goddess, to be mine,  
O may this beating heart *then* cease to move !  
Though faint and naked after thee I rove,  
Celestial hope my wilder'd soul shall cheer ;  
And O, likewise, with that heart-melting love,  
Feeling for fellow-wand'ers with me here,  
Refine this drossy soul, O thou, whom I revere !

So did I pray, when to my fancy's view,  
A dame appear'd, of more than mortal mien !  
Tall, sweet, majestic !—while she nearer drew,  
Her mantle seem'd of deepest fairy green,  
Where ev'ry flower the land produced was seen ;  
And in its centre, glowing to my ken,  
Were names, that now were famed, or once had been ;  
Old Caledonia's stay, her sword, her pen,  
Her warriors, bards, and patriots and immortal men.

First in the list of heroes, to my sight  
The Knight from Ellerslie who drew his name ;  
Who spent his life for freedom's sacred right,  
And nobly died a martyr for the same ;  
And Robert Bruce, who from the southrons came,  
Wading through dangers, broke base slavery's ties !  
With Douglas, Ramsay, names well known to fame ;  
Graham, Frazer, Boyd, whom honour still shall  
prize,

With other patriot warriors, sainted in the nation's eyes .

Next to my sight, among the sons of song,  
Was Ayrshire's son, in living fire display'd—  
Immortal Burns ! but when of thee—my tongue  
Is rapt'rous silence, and my muse afraid—  
Whether the rural scene, or beauteous maid,  
Or native manners, do employ thy lyre,  
Fancy is wrapt in wonder, and convey'd  
Unto the warblings of celestial choir,  
'Mong whom thou now dost stand, with harp of native  
fire.

And he, whom Reekie own'd, O, ill-starr'd youth !  
Who died without a friend to close his eyn ;  
And Paisley's too, whose elegance and truth  
Shall keep his laurels everlasting-green ;  
And Bruce and Gall, whom fate, with sickle keen,  
Cut down, and spared not, scarcely at their prime ;  
And Ednam's Bard, whose moral strain, I ween,  
Shall run coeval with the tide of time,  
While love and taste and genius shall the soul sublime.

Unto my sight, a living line display'd  
The Mighty Minstrel ! and the letters shone  
With such effulgence, that they half-unray'd  
Some minor names, which fame had partly known  
Before the flood of fire came rolling on  
In deathless magic ! Albion's chivalry  
Inspired his lay ;—to nature there was none  
His land could boast so true a priest as he,  
Or pour'd the Epic song so wildly and so free.

And next the name of Ettrick's Bard I saw ;  
Son of the desert—nature's darling child !  
Say, shepherd, from what sources didst thou draw  
Thy strains so sweetly beautiful and mild ?  
So strange, so magical, enchanting, wild !  
That aerial beings, whom thou oft hast sung,  
Have in their midnight revels been beguiled ;  
List'ning with wonder 'till the morning young,  
Before they knew those strains from mortal harp were  
flung.

Beside the Ettrick Minstrel stood a name,  
The Bard who sung the Scenes of Infancy !  
As also stood the darling Cunningshame,  
Who sung old faery Cluden, Nith, and Dee ;  
And many other names mine eyn did see,  
Which glittering on that wond'rous plaid did shine;  
And oft I wish'd it were my destiny  
To have among their names enrolledrw mine—  
Vain-glorious wish !       \*       \*       \*

## THE MANIAC.

---

A BALLAD.

---

Who's this that by the highway-side  
Loiters the live-long day?  
Whose tatter'd robes and beamless eye  
Bespeak an inward vacancy,  
Or mind that's gone astray!

Sometimes he sits with head reclined  
Upon his hand or knee—  
Sometimes he starts, and laughs aloud—  
And then anon of tears a flood  
Are flowing fast and free.

Oft-times he's sitting by the rill  
That tinkles down the dell,  
With fix'd, and oft-tear-starting eye—  
Yet when his feelings are not high,  
His chorus joins the swell.

And oft he loudly invokes  
The little clouds so white,  
To condescend to take him forth,  
For he is wearied of the earth—  
In heaven he'll plead his right.

And oft beneath pale Luna's beam  
The live-long night he sits—  
Sometimes he courts her for his love—  
Then mourns that she should faithless prove—  
And laughs and weeps by fits.



I mind, as on my flute one day

I breathed a plaintive strain—

He sobb'd as though his heart would break,

While o'er his pale, knee-rested cheek,

The burning tears did rain.

Sometimes in wild, fantastic mirth—

Sometimes in deepest woe—

And, cousin, hence I said his brain

Was frenzy turn'd, and very fain

His history would know.

Ah! that's the maniac of the vale—

Once of that vale the pride!—

To luckless love he fell a prey—

His reason swerved and lost its sway,

And since has been denied.

The village dames can testify  
    They never saw his peer—  
A clearer head, a warmer heart,  
That always felt his neighbour's smart,  
    Nor cared for his—more near.

But, as I said, he fell in love,  
    And loved with all his soul—  
That heavenly glow which lovers feign  
Within his guileless breast did reign  
    Boundless—without control.

And she he loved a while proved kind—  
    The saints with him were poor—  
Pledging their loves, I've often seen  
Them wand'ring on the wild-wood green—  
    How blest the lover's hour !

Then, too, at village fair, or wake,

I've seen the lovely pair—

And all who saw them might agree,

That mirror to all youth was he—

And she, the fairest fair.

A little while—a transient hour—

Their life a cloudless morn—

Alas! there came a stormy day—

Dame Fortune ruled with rigid sway—

He met her frowns with scorn.

But now her fury all she pour'd

On his unshelter'd head ;

His crops misgave, his cattle died,

A friend on whom he had relied

A bankrupt was and fled.

And he was into prison cast  
For debts he could not pay ;  
Although he scorn'd them to deny,  
Yet he was doom'd—condemn'd to lie--  
Their miserable prey.

Eighteen long tedious months he lay,  
Not one to soothe or cheer ;  
At length the prison doors did ope,  
And he was borne on wings of Hope  
To all that he held dear.

But her he found no longer his,  
Her maiden truth was gone  
In earnest of another's love,  
Though she had sworn by all above  
To be but his alone.

Her swelling waist proclaim'd the fault

Her tongue would not confess ;

But hope still cheer'd her guilty mind,

That Hymen's silken cord would bind,

And maiden shame redress.

Then he--her youthful love--went mad,

And was to Bedlam sent ;

And there he lay--a humbling sight--

And wept by day, and raved by night,

Till many a year was spent.

At length, by soothing hand of Care,

And by attention mild,

He fell into the state you see ;--

Victim of love and perjury

Is the poor maniac wild.

Than maiden young in innocence

What flower more fair to see ?

But when she falls to shame a prey,

The vilest weed in trodden way

Is not despised as she.

On her, the cause of all this woe,

Prosperity ne'er came ;

Her lover took the child when born,

But shunn'd her proffer'd hand with scorn,

And wed a richer dame.

And she has since become a prey

To brutal lust and shame ;

And they who break the vows of youth,

The sacred vows of love and truth,

Their fate will be the same.

Thus, cousin, I have told the tale  
Which you desired to hear ;  
I often wept when but a child,  
And sure the fate of maniac wild  
Does well deserve a tear.

## SONG.

## THE BONNY LASS O' REEDSDALE GLEN.

---

AGAIN my birchen pipe I'll blaw,  
And try to wake a simple strain,  
And hence, ye war'ly cares awa',  
And dinna gie my bosom pain ;  
For a' your cares are only vain,  
Though follow'd by the sons of men :  
My joys and cares are a' in ane,  
The bonny lass o' Reedsdale Glen.



Sweet is the morning's vermeil eye,  
And sweeter still the gowden day ;  
Sweet is the warbling song of joy  
Pour'd from the dewy blossom'd spray ;  
And sweet upon the mountain grey,  
The primrose to the shepherd's ken ;  
But sweetness, wi' unrivall'd sway,  
Is in the lass o' Reedsdale Glen.

Whene'er heaven sees a feeling heart,  
Firm, wrestling through a world of guile,  
For fellow-sorrows feel the smart,  
And sooth their woes, and share their toil ;  
The pitying angels bend the while,  
And smiling, bless these sons of men ;  
And only equall'd is their smile,  
By hers, the lass o' Reedsdale Glen.

When fleeting time shall soon row bye,  
The space that sets my spirit free,  
And soaring, I shall pass on high,  
To find reward or misery—  
Greater reward I canna see,  
Nor can I think of greater pain,  
Than part me from, or place me wi',  
The bonny lass o' Reedsdale Glen.

## SONG.

## I MAUN GAE OVER THE SEA.



“ SWEET summer now is bye,  
And cauld winter is nigh,  
The wan leaves they fa’ frae the tree,  
The hills are white wi’ snaw,  
And the frosty winds blaw,  
And I maun gae over the sea, Mary,  
And I maun gae over the sea.

“ But winter will gang bye,  
And summer come wi’ joy,  
And nature again will be free,

And wooers you will find,  
And mair ye'll never mind  
The laddie that's over the sea, Mary,  
The laddie that's over the sea."

" O Willie, since it's sae,  
My heart is vera wae,  
To leave a' my friends and countrie;  
But wi' thee I will gang,  
Though the way it be lang,  
And wi' thee I'll cross the saut sea, Willie,  
And wi' thee I'll cross the saut sea."

" The way is vera far,  
And terrible is war,  
And great are the hardships to dree;  
And if I should be slain,  
Or a prisoner ta'en,  
My jewel, what wad come o' thee, Mary?  
My jewel, what wad come o' thee?"

“ Sae at hame ye maun bide,  
And should it sae betide  
That a bride to another ye be,  
For ane that lo’ed ye dear,  
Ye’ll whiles drap a tear ;  
I’ll aften do the same for thee, Mary,  
I’ll aften do the same for thee.”

The rowin tear down fell,  
Her bosom wasna well,  
For she sabbit most wofullie :  
“ Oure the yirth I wad gang,  
And never count it lang,  
But I fear ye carena for me, Willie,  
But I fear ye carena for me.”

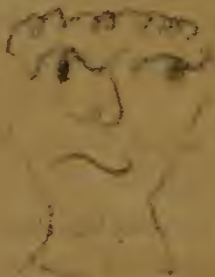
Nae langer could he thole,  
She tore his vera soul,  
He dighted her bonny blue e’e :

“ O what was it ye said,  
O my ain loving maid ?—

I’ll never love woman but thee, Mary,  
I’ll never love woman but thee !”

The fae is forced to yield,  
And freedom has the field—

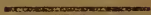
“ Away I will ne’er gang frae thee ;  
Only death shall us part,  
Keep sic thoughts frae my heart,  
But never shall part us the sea, Mary,  
But never shall part us the sea.”



*Edw. Mary Barry*

## SONG.

## A SUMMER DAY HAD PAST AWAY.



A SUMMER day had past away,  
And nature sought her wonted rest,  
The lab'ers left the new mown hay,  
The sangster drapt into its nest ;  
I wander'd forth alang the green,  
To list the heather-bleeter's cry ;  
To view the bonny gowden screen,  
That hang alang the westlin sky.

I wander'd down the burnie side,  
Until my feet were wet wi' dew ;  
Where, unobserved, I espied,  
Lamenting sair a lover true ;

And stretch'd aneath the hawthorn tree,  
Alang the sward sae cauld and green:  
He pour'd a mournfu' melody,  
And aye he wip'd the tears atween :

“ Last time I lay beneath this shade,  
With all my wishes I was blest ;  
I then embraced the fairest maid  
That e'er the dewy gowan prest ;—  
But death has reft my hopes away !  
That comely flower he wadna save—  
That angel form of fairest clay  
Is mouldering in an early grave !

“ And I am left,—alane I'm left—  
O cruel death to leave me here !  
- O hadst thou then me too bereft,  
I hadna drapt a single tear ;—



Your little cloud that's sailing high,  
Wad then have been our bridal bed;  
Our curtains wad have been the sky,  
Our bliss, such bliss as never fled."

## SONG.

## LOVE HAS STOWN MY WITS AWAY.

---

TUNE—" *Miss Forbes' Farewell to Banff.*"

---

SHE stole my heart, I never knew,  
The thief was welcome night and day ;  
She stole my heart, she broke her vow,  
And love has stown my wits away ;—  
And ye bid me be blithe and gay,  
And bid me join the rural glee ;  
Alas ! my heart it winna play,  
As when its chords were wild and free.

The rose upon its briary tree,  
Sae lovely in the morning dew,  
Will soon be fading to the e'e,  
And leafless leave the stalk to view !  
But spring will soon the rose renew,  
To bless the e'e, and balm the air ;  
But ah ! with love my peace it flew,  
And left my soul with endless care.

And she was kind, and she was fair,  
And she was bonny, blithe, and braw ;  
Her modest smile, I sought nae mair ;  
To me 'twas life, to me 'twas law—  
But sweet may blush the morning's daw' !  
And clouds may blurr the rising day ;  
The draughts of love may soul did draw,  
Have proved the source of my decay.

I wish, I wish I were away—

My frame is faint, my heart is sair ;

Ah me ! ah me ! where shall I stray—

Ah, where shall I forget my care ?—

O had I of that cup a share,

That drowns for aye the memory ;

How dear wad be the bev'rage rare !

How happy wad oblivion be !

But time will come, and time will flee,

And such a fancy ne'er be true ;

And I a woeful weird maun dree,

And mourn the love I canna rue—

She stole my heart, I never knew,

The thief was welcome night and day ;

She stole my heart and broke her vow,

And love has stown my wits away.

LINES  
ON THE DEATH OF AN ACQUAIN-  
TANCE.

---

THE mist is deep on Hounam Law,  
And Cheviot sits within the cloud,  
The drenching rain it still does fa';  
The howling gusts are lang and loud;—  
The rill is now a raging flood,  
And roars adown the craggie linn;  
And ev'ning clokes, with sable shroud,  
A world of sorrow, shame, and sin.

And dark and drear is a' that's here,  
And nature wails a deep decay ;  
Yet these to me are far more dear  
Than shining summer's verdant day !—  
What boots to me the pride of May ?  
My soul is in December's gloom !  
O burst ! O burst ! thou ruthless clay,  
And give thy better essence room.

## SONG.

## THE SUN IS SET FAR I' THE WEST.

---

The sun is set far i' the west,  
And gloamin spreads her cloke of grey;  
Wi' love or rest ilk swain is blest,  
From native land I'm torn away—  
I maun away, I darena stay,  
The law's decree I canna thraw;  
Ere springs again the light of day  
I'm lost to Caledonia.

Adieu, ye hills and dales and plains,  
    Adieu, ye streams sae wimplin clear ;  
Adieu, ye honest-hearted swains,  
    And dames sae kind, and sweet, and dear.  
But, oh ! there's ane for ever near,  
    And woven in my bosom's core ;  
Alas, alas ! from her to tear,  
    'Twill rend my soul for evermore.

What will my poor old father say ?  
    His hope on earth was only me,  
Who should have been his age's stay—  
    Alas ! a prey to infamy.  
And he to grief and want will be  
    A victim, none to soothe or save ;  
No friend to close his dying e'e,  
    Or mourn him in the silent grave.



The gloom it gathers dark and deep,  
But on my soul it's darker still ;  
Fain wad I rest, fain wad I sleep,  
Heart-rending grief o'ercomes my will.  
The breeze springs frae the darkling hill,  
The ship lies ready in the bay,  
And soon the rising sails will fill,—  
Farewell my land, farewell for aye !

NOTE  
TO  
Auld Ringan.

---

THIS Ballad is founded on the Jed-forest tradition of the stalwart puritan Ringan Oliver of the Smailcleugh Foot. He is said to have been a man of great strength and prowess, in feats of arms; and high in trust with the Baron of Ferney-hirst. A good number of stories are current concerning him,—particularly one of a stratagem whereby he effected the liberation of two friends from Newcastle jail, something similar to that of “Jock o’ the Side,” or “Kinmont Willie.”

The Ballad differs from tradition, in making Ringan slay any of the hunters. He is said to have shot only some of their dogs; which act, combined with a former pique, so enraged them, that they went away and maliciously reported him disloyal to his king, and a warrant was issued for his apprehension.

The maid who loaded his guns, is reported to have been only a servant, and not his daughter. The only other material discrepancy between tradition and the Ballad, is, that he did not die of the wounds which they gave him, but was carried to Edinburgh, and put in prison, where he continued for a long time, and in a very bad state of health, probably proceeding from his wounds and ill treatment—He was at last released, and died in the Cross Causeway, Edinburgh, December, 1736.

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### ERRATA.

Page 13.—line 14, for its, read *their*.

—— 14.—— 1, read No,—memory, &c.

—— 65.—— 11, for grinding, read *girnit*.

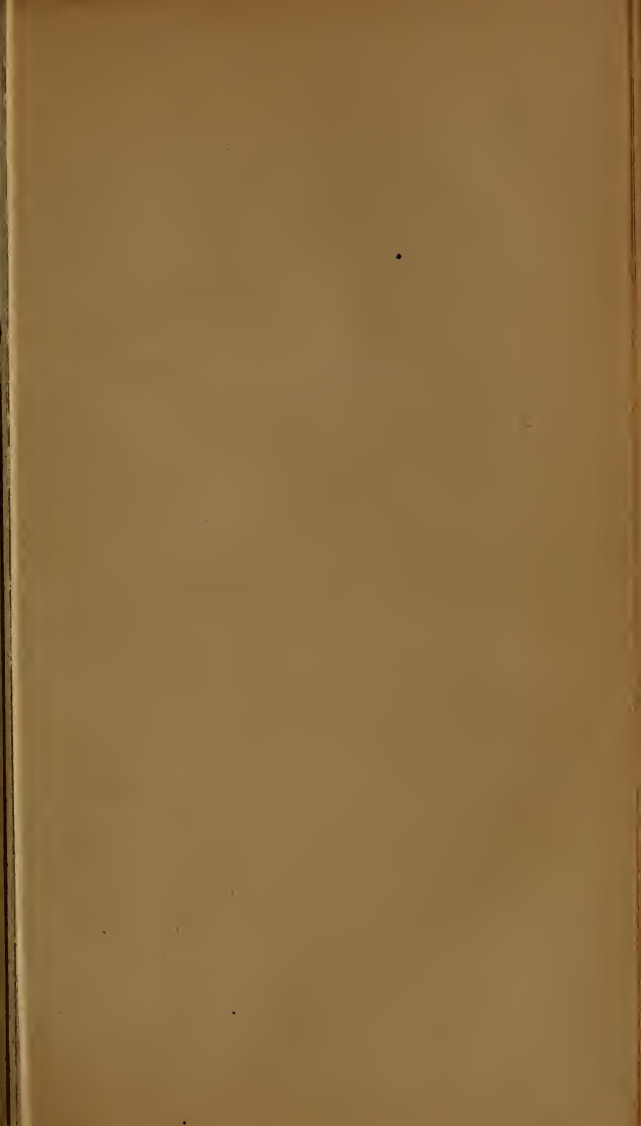
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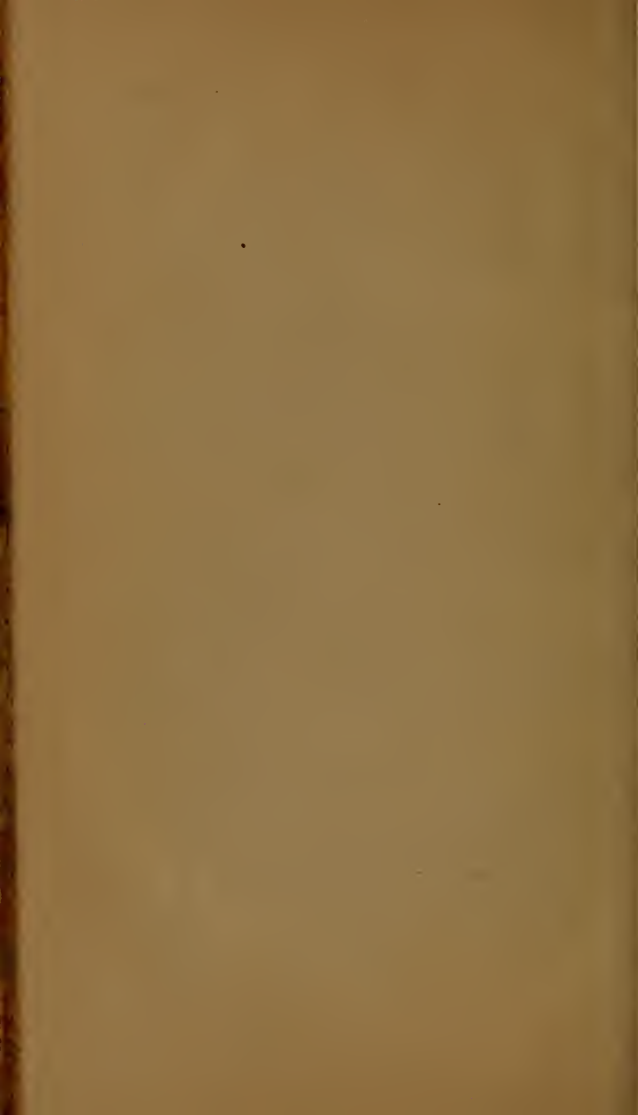
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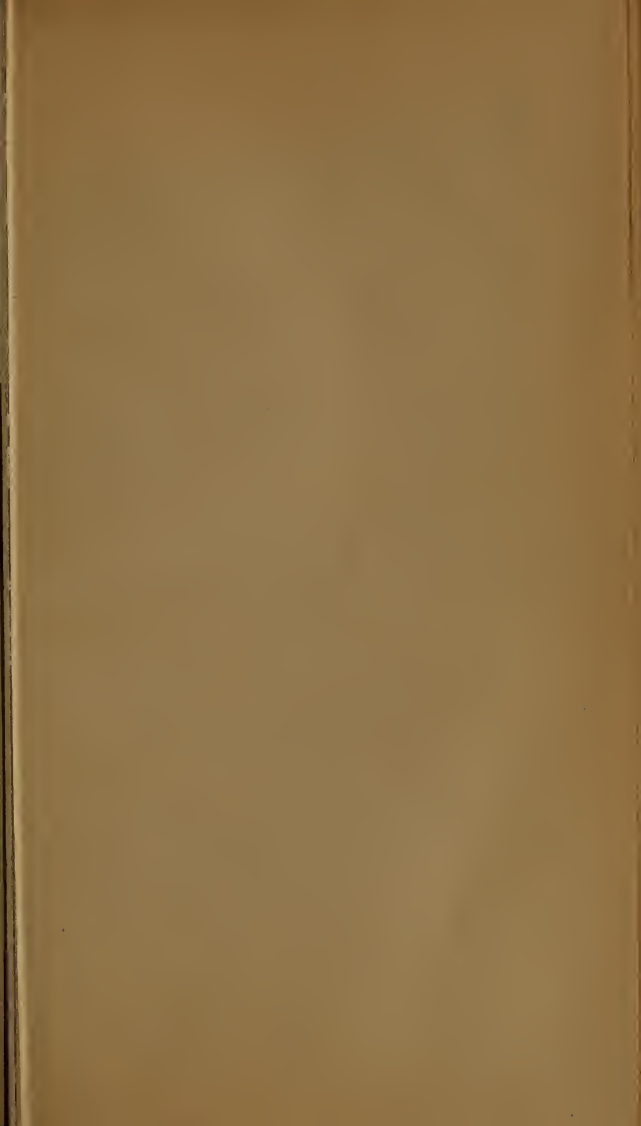
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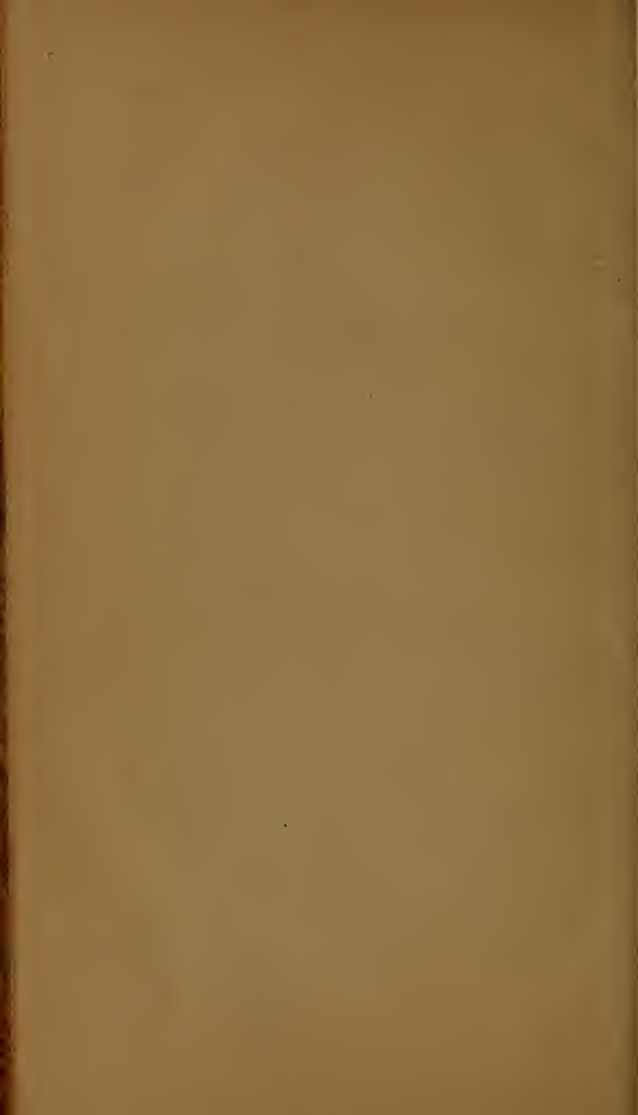
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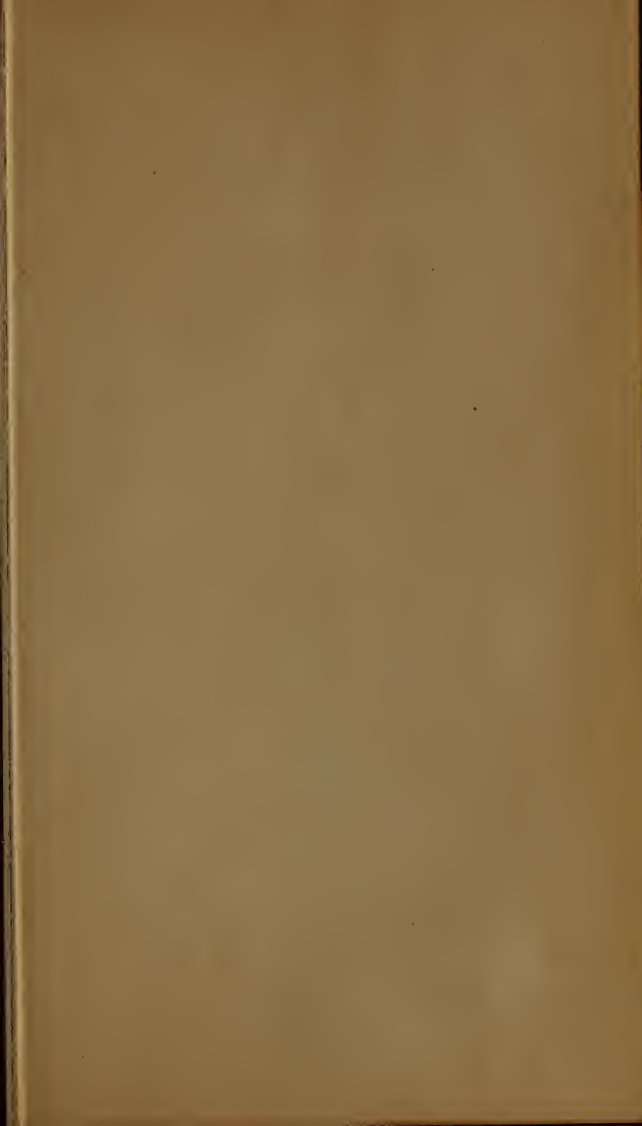




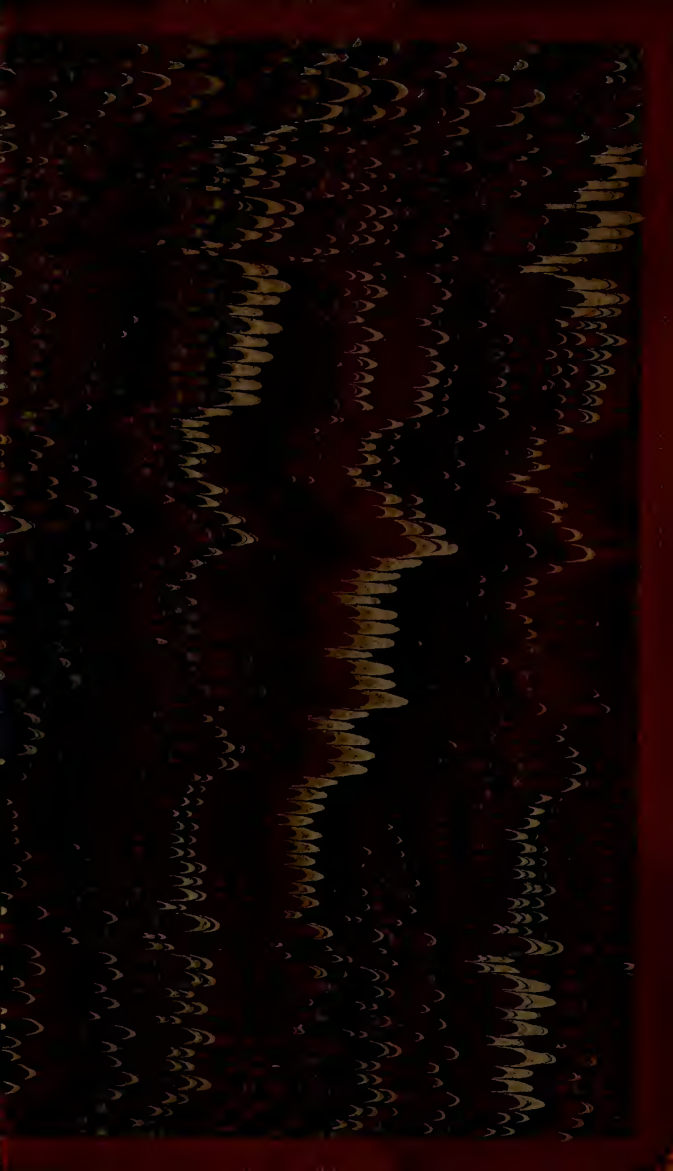












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